

BLIC LIBRARY

939 Public Library

LITTELL'S  
LIVING  
ACE.

**LITTELL & CO.,**  
No. 31 Bedford Street.  
**BOSTON.**

**GOLBURN'S  
NEW MONTHLY  
MAGAZINE**

LONDON MAGAZINE

LAINSWORTH'S  
MAGAZINE

THE  
ECLECTIC  
REVIEW

**BLACKWOOD'S  
EDINBURGH  
MAGAZINE**

FRASER'S  
MAGAZINE

BENTLEY'S  
MISCELLANY

**Successful Magazine**

**DUBLIN**  
- 10 -  
**MAGAZINE.**  
- 11 -

THE  
RETROSPECTIVE  
REVIEW

**Norton's**  
LITERARY  
REGISTER.

THE  
EDINBURGH  
REVIEW

THE  
QUARTERLY  
REVIEW

REVUE  
MONDES

OVER-SMITH-ANDREW

ENG-BOSTON

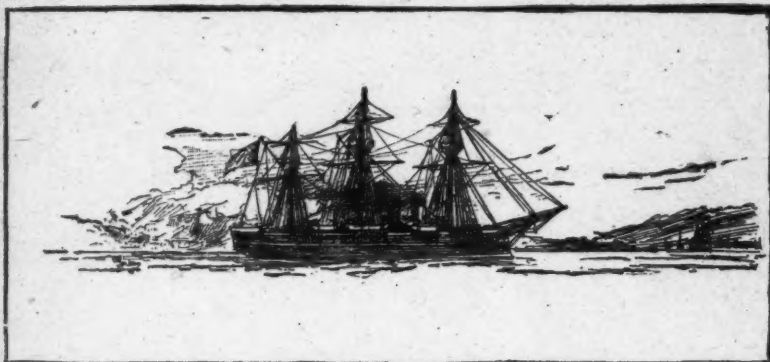
# Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly

FOR 1894.

\$1.00 for Three Months.

10c. Per Copy.

SUBSCRIBE NOW.



THE BRAZILIAN REVOLUTION,

THE GREAT TARIFF DEBATE IN CONGRESS,

THE RESTORATION OF THE HAWAIIAN MONARCHY,

and THE PROGRESS OF OUR NEW NAVY,

are but four of the important features to be illustrated during the first three months of 1894 in "Frank Leslie's Weekly." Special correspondents and a large staff of artists, together with the push and energy of a young and vigorous management have made the "Leslie."

**THE BEST AND MOST ENTERPRISING OF AMERICAN PICTORIALS.**

No event of importance will occur either at home or abroad which will not be placed before its readers during the coming year.

A subscription now for three months as a trial order will convince any lover of high-class pictorial journalism that no other American weekly will be found to equal the new "Leslie."

**ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY,**

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS,

110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

## PROVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST COMPANY, OF PHILADELPHIA,

*In form of policy, prompt settlement of death losses, equitable dealing with policy-holders, in strength of organization, and in everything which contributes to the security and cheapness of Life Insurance, this Company is unexcelled.*

**RI-PAN'S TABULES** regulate the stomach, liver and bowels, purify the blood, are safe and effective. The best general family medicine known for Biliousness, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Foul Breath, Headache, Heartburn, Loss of Appetite, Mental Depression, Painful Digestion, Pimples, Sallow Complexion, Tired Feeling, and every symptom or disease resulting from impure blood, or a failure by the stomach, liver or intestines to perform their proper functions. Persons given to over eating are benefited by taking a **TABULE** after each meal. Price, of druggists or by mail, Box 66, 271 No. 4, Package (4 boxes) \$2.00. Address **RI-PAN'S CHEMICAL CO.**, New York. Samples free.



**DESTROYS!**

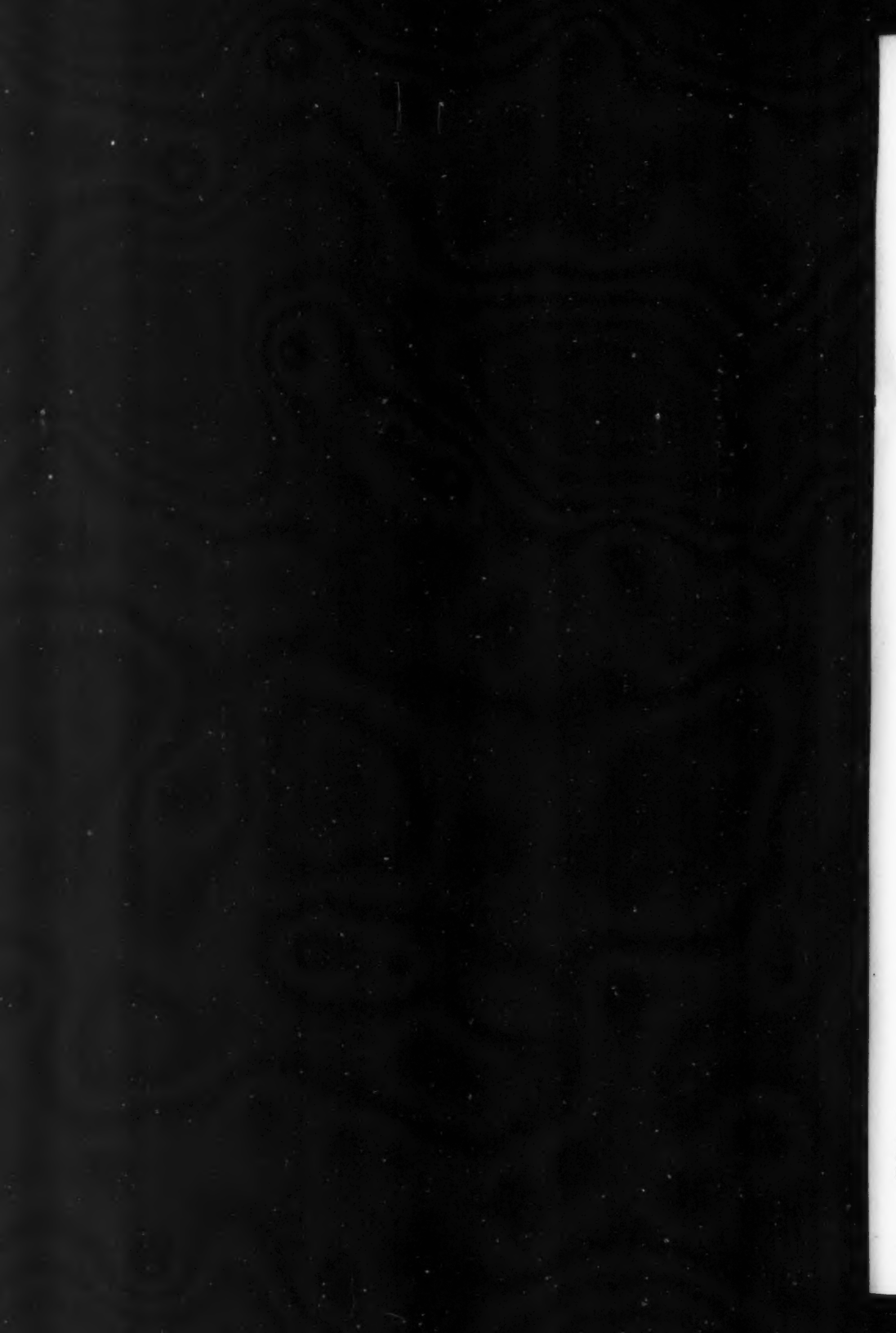
Shall it be Your House or a Pound of Copper?

Entirely new departure in protecting buildings from lightning.

Patents of N. D. C. Hodges, Editor of Science.

Send for circulars. Agents wanted.  
**AMERICAN LIGHTNING PROTECTION CO.,**  
874 Broadway, New York.







# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Sixth Series,  
Volume I. }

No. 2586.—January 27, 1894.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CC.

## CONTENTS.

I. AN IDYLL DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By J. G. Alger, . . .	<i>Scottish Review</i> , . . .	195
II. THE NUMIDIAN. Part II. Translated by Mary J. Safford, from the German of Ernst Eckstein, . . .	<i>Ernst Eckstein</i> , . . .	205
III. A HUMOROUS ROGUE. By Mrs. Andrew Crosse, . . .	<i>Temple Bar</i> , . . .	212
IV. THE GARDEN THAT I LOVE. By Alfred Austin, . . .	<i>National Review</i> , . . .	221
V. TWO EPISODES IN A COWARD'S LIFE. By G. S. Godkin, . . .	<i>Leisure Hour</i> , . . .	232
VI. BIANCA CAPELLO, GRAND DUCHESS OF TUSCANY, . . .	<i>Belgravia</i> , . . .	243
VII. SUNDOWN IN SHOTLEY WOOD, . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , . . .	254

## POETRY.

THE TEMPLE AT ÆGINA, . . .	194	"CHILD, I DETEST YOUR DRESS; MY	
TO A CAT, . . .	194	ANGER RISES," . . .	194
A SEA-GULL: INCANTATION, . . .	194		

MISCELLANY, . . .	256
-------------------	-----

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & Co.

Single copies of the LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

## THE TEMPLE AT ÆGINA.

HERE would the beauty-loving Greek be-  
guile  
The thoughts of Death that froze him.  
Still and lone  
The sacred summit, where through years  
long gone,  
Illumed, with Art's supreme victorious  
smile,  
His haunted heart yon solitary pile ;  
Where, hymned by chants from white-  
sailed galleys blown,  
O'er those blue waves' melodious monotone,  
Pallas Athene crowned Ægina's isle.

Hence would I seek, when sweetly dies the  
day,  
With yearning eyes her yet more glorious  
shrine,

Beyond the billowy mountains' barrier grey,  
Till my charmed spirit feel her flash divine;  
So shall Athene reassert her sway,  
So shall her perfect loveliness be mine.

Blackwood's Magazine. C. A. KELLY.

## TO A CAT.

STATELY, kindly, lordly friend,  
Condescend  
Here to sit by me, and turn  
Glorious eyes that smile and burn,  
Golden eyes, love's lustrous meed,  
On the golden page I read.  
All your wondrous wealth of hair,  
Dark and fair,  
Silken-shaggy, soft and bright  
As the clouds and beams of night,  
Pays my reverend hand's caress  
Back with friendlier gentleness.  
Dogs may fawn on all and some  
As they come ;  
You, a friend of loftier mind,  
Answer friends alone in kind.  
Just your foot upon my hand  
Softly bids it understand.

Morning round this silent sweet  
Garden-seat  
Sheds its wealth of gathering light,  
Thrills the gradual clouds with might,  
Changes woodland, orchard, heath,  
Lawn, and garden there beneath.  
Fair and dim they gleamed below :  
Now they glow  
Deep as even your sunbright eyes,  
Fair as even the wakening skies.  
Can it not or can it be  
Now that you give thanks to see ?

May not you rejoice as I,  
Seeing the sky  
Change to heaven revealed, and bid  
Earth reveal the heaven it hid  
All night long from stars and moon,  
Now the sun sets all in tune ?

What within you wakes with day  
Who can say ?  
All too little may we tell,  
Friends who like each other well,  
What might haply, if we might,  
Bid us read our lives aright.  
Athenæum. A. C. SWINBURNE.

## A SEA-GULL: INCANTATION.

PALE prophet of a storm, that swift shalt  
be ;  
Dip thy grey wings, and lift thy mournful  
cry !  
Thou knowest how this brief bright day  
shall die,  
How swift the purple mantle of the sea  
Will show a thousand rifts, where sud-  
denly  
Wan faces of the dead shall peep and pry,  
And weird hands beckon ; where all prone  
do lie  
Those who from life's unrest are safe, are  
free !  
Flit through the surges, bird of presage ill ;  
Flap silent past dead ships and buried men !  
Call sadly to the coast and spread alarm !  
Hear how the wind doth rise ; see ! fog-  
wraiths fill  
The low horizon. Call again, again !  
Then safely hide thee ; thou hast worked  
the charm !  
World. J. E. P.

CHILD, I detest your dress ; my anger rises  
At rasping silks, at waists of eighteen  
inches ;  
Cease buying at the shop that advertises  
The gown that pinches !  
Wear flowing muslins, nothing else, I bid  
you,  
Or softest woollens if the sky be fretful ;  
Good-night ! sleep well, and, that I ever  
chid you,  
Awake forgetful.

AUGUSTA DE GRUCHY.

From *The Scottish Review*.  
AN IDYLL DURING THE FRENCH  
REVOLUTION.

WE are apt to imagine that the French Revolution put a stop to all business and diversion, that it absorbed everybody's thoughts and filled every mind with anxiety. In reality, life went on, except among the aristocracy, very much as before. There was eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage. At the beginning of 1792, moreover, though the king, brought back from Varennes in the previous summer, was a virtual prisoner at the Tuileries, though the emigrant nobles were busy at Coblenz, though Austria and Prussia were meditating an invasion, there was a political lull, and most people doubtless imagined that the worst storms of the Revolution were over. Foreigners still travelled through the country, and natives recently returned to it saw no reason to fear evils to come obvious to us, but not apparent to them. At Nantes, a town then containing seventy thousand inhabitants, there had settled in 1786 a retired musician, Joseph Tasset. Born at Chartres in 1732, Tasset, at six years of age, gave lessons on the flute; at sixteen he had public performances; and he shortly afterwards went to England, where he had aristocratic pupils, such as the Duchess of Hamilton, latterly Duchess of Argyll, who was one of "the beautiful Miss Gunnings." He knew Sterne, and Handel applauded his invention of a flute with eighteen keys. He was considered the prince of flute-players, and composed several sonatas. He figures in some musical encyclopædias as an Englishman, his name being spelt Tacet. He retired on a competency, with an English wife, who died about 1788, and an only child, Marianne, born in London, probably about 1766. The Tassets lived in the Cours St. André, one of the avenues covering the site of the old fortifications. Nantes houses were not then crowded together as they are now, and there was a back garden in which the widower, well-meaning but reserved and rather difficult to deal with, loved

to saunter in his dressing-gown, sometimes deaf to the dinner-bell, so that Marianne had to despatch her English maid to repeat the summons.

Tasset seems to have had sisters living in the town, which probably accounts for his settling there, and there were a few English residents, with whom Marianne may have been acquainted; but she had apparently little society, and her father had none of the qualities of a confidant. Although she could speak English and was considered English, French, after six years absence from England, was the language most familiar to her. She had inherited her father's taste for music, but had no extraordinary talent for it; she kept a parrot and singing birds, painted a little, and read much, her favorite authors being Rousseau and Richardson. Albeit void of pretensions to beauty, she had had several offers of marriage, but if she was still single at an age when most young women were wives and mothers, it was because the only man she had really loved had died, and because she had never met another really in love with her. Steeped in Rousseau, she would have liked a grand passion, but failing this, she had half accepted a fellow townsman, a M. de Blancard, twenty-three years of age, and of a highly respectable family. But fate willed otherwise.

She had a bosom friend, Mélanie Muller, apparently of Alsatian or German extraction, who had gone from Nantes, as companion or nursery-governess, to the chateau of Courteilles, near Verneuil, two hundred miles to the north-east. The mansion had been built in 1760 by Jacques de Barbarie, Marquis de Courteilles, and it was now occupied by four generations, all women and children, a state of matters not unusual with chateaux during the Revolution. There was the widowed Marquise de Courteilles, probably seventy years of age, and her step-daughter, the Comtesse de Rochechouart, also a widow, for the count, one of the first nobles to join the National Assembly, had died in July, 1791. He had made it a condition, on marrying his

daughters, that they should remain in the nest. Accordingly there were two daughters, the Duchesse de Richelieu, wife of the grandson of the notorious *roué*, Marshal Richelieu, and the Princesse de Carency, both grass-widows, for Richelieu was virtually an *émigré*, having been sent by Louis XVI. on a secret mission to Germany, and not being destined to re-enter France till the end of the century, while Carency, son of the Duc de la Vauguyon, was perhaps with his father, the French ambassador at Madrid.<sup>1</sup> Lastly, there were the two young sons of a third and eldest daughter, Mélanie, who had died in 1790, and whose husband, the Duc de Piennes, afterwards Duc d'Aumont, having thereupon married a woman who had long been his mistress, was in disgrace. The two boys, Ernest, ten years old, who eventually joined his uncle Richelieu in Russia, and was killed in Persia in 1805, and Zosime, his junior, obviously required a tutor. Moreover, the four ladies, who had been intimate with Madame de Stael in Paris, were doubtless in need of a person of the other sex to protect them from revolutionary annoyances.

That tutor and protector, apparently recommended by Roberts, a professor of English in Paris, was Matthieu Guillaume Villenave. Born in Languedoc in 1762, Villenave was tonsured at nine, that he might have a family benefice; but resigning this at twenty-one to a younger brother, he repaired to Paris, with the idea of entering the king's life guards. Finding that two years' probation without pay was required, he obtained through the abbé Ricard—Ricard, the future translator of Plutarch, had since the father's death in 1772, interested himself in the Villenave family—a tutorship to the Comte de Pontgibaud. Like many other tutors, he retained the clerical garb, and was a sort of hybrid, not irrevocably committed to the priesthood. In 1786 he unsuccessfully competed for

an Academy prize, the subject being an ode on the Duke of Brunswick's rescue of a man from drowning in an inundation of the Oder. He obtained an introduction to Marie Antoinette, and had hopes of becoming tutor to the dauphin when the Revolution broke out. Enraptured with it, he threw off his frock and started a newspaper at Paris, and on the day of the famous Tennis Court sitting, he went about Versailles telling the deputies whom he met where to assemble. But journalism did not flourish with him, and he had to resume teaching. He accompanied the Courteilles family to their chateau. A true southerner, he was fervid and impulsive. Before leaving home—whither he never returned, though his mother was living as late as 1797—he had been in love with a novice in a convent; he had since had two other attachments, and he was now half engaged to a Mademoiselle Desroziers. He had naturally much conversation with Mélanie Muller, who had a talent for painting, and had hopes of earning a livelihood, or even fame, by her brush. It would seem that she declined his overtures, but imagined that he would be a suitable husband for Marianne Tasset. She accordingly showed him Marianne's letters and her portrait. The letters made more impression than the portrait, which did not argue beauty. Villenave also was a disciple of Rousseau, and sighed for a romantic passion. It was not love at first sight, but love without sight. Early in January, 1792, he wrote to "Miss Tasset," as she was styled, and within three months sixteen letters were exchanged. These, with the exception of the first, have been preserved, and were probably sold with Villenave's autographs and other manuscripts in 1856. They are now the property of M. Frédéric Masson, and were published, but without any elucidations, in a little-known magazine, the *Revue Rétrospection*, in 1890. After the lapse of a hundred years these love-letters have not lost their aroma, but they would fill nearly half a number of this review, and to

<sup>1</sup> Or he may have been already a black sheep, for in the Terror he was one of the infamous men known as *moutons*, ostensible prisoners, who informed against their fellow-captives.

summarize them would be like crushing a butterfly or a rose. Extracts must therefore suffice. Let me premise that religion and politics are equally conspicuous by their absence. Nominally Catholics, both parties were evidently of the creed of Rousseau, and Marianne was no politician, but Villenave's total silence on passing events is surprising, considering that he had already dabbled in politics, and was destined to burn his fingers in that then dangerous game.

On the 11th January, Marianne writes to Mélanie : —

I have received M. de Villenave's letter. I should like, and I ought, to reply, but cannot. Apologize to him for me, dear Mélanie. Tell him that imperative circumstances do not allow me at this moment to give him a reply, which I shall soon have the pleasure of writing to him, that I could not do so just now in a way satisfactory to my delicacy, that I should be afraid of misleading him and deceiving myself, that I wish to be open and straightforward with him, as I desire him to be with me, and that if it is really true that my dear Mélanie's praises have kindled in his heart sentiments of which I am too little deserving to be able to believe in them, I shall endeavor, even while seeking to destroy them, to preserve his esteem.

She goes on to explain that she has an admirer who had lost his situation by outstaying his holiday for her sake, and that she is dependent on her father. She asks whether Villenave, if he marries, will retain his present post, whether his pupils' education is nearly completed, whether if forced to leave he can find another situation or an employment respectable and lucrative enough to spare her father the suspicion of mercenary motives and herself the vexation of seeing her husband dependent on her father. She adds : —

If M. de Villenave can reply satisfactorily to all these questions, if he can really succeed in persuading me of the fact of an attachment which I can scarcely comprehend, if finally I can succeed in reconciling my inclinations with my duties, I will then tell him all that my heart and circumstances may permit me to say.

Six days later she writes again to Mélanie : —

If you knew all that I have undergone since replying to M. de Villenave's letter, the cruel days, the sad nights, which I have passed, the fearful uncertainty in which I am placed, you would pity, oh ! you would greatly pity me. . . . Mélanie, I confess that his letter surprised me to a degree I cannot express. You read it, you are consequently better able to judge than I, especially as you know the writer. Tell me candidly, do you think he *loves* me ? So strange, so romantic an attachment, *is* it natural ? Do you not discern some motive which may induce him to feign what he perhaps does not feel ? For how is it that affectionate and susceptible as he seems to be, he has not rather profited by the happy chance which you offered to his view of becoming loved by an object combining with the most pleasing talents and the most natural mind, all the seductions that the graces and youth can add ? How is it natural, in short, that he has not rather tried to please an object present and calculated to charm whoever has eyes and heart, than to be enamoured of a plain woman who is two hundred miles off, and whom, perhaps, he would cease to love as soon as he saw her ?

Moreover, she remembers Mélanie having told her that Villenave had paid her attentions, and was in love with "all your duchesses." "A fickle man, ready to take fire at the first object presenting itself, would not at all do for me. He would soon kill me with love and jealousy." What most alarms her are his good looks, for how can she satisfy him ?

How renounce the honest, estimable man to whom I am, as it were, pledged, and whom I may render unhappy ? Ah ! Mélanie, it would be much better for you to love M. Villenave and marry him. Your children would be little darlings, I should be fond of both of you, and all four of us would be happy. . . . Pray write as soon as possible. For you must feel how essential it is for me to know what to expect respecting M. de Villenave. Do not, I entreat you, keep me in suspense. Try to sound him as much as possible. Remember that the happiness of my life is at stake.

There is an enclosure for Villenave.



in which, after speaking of her embarrassment and hesitation, she says :—

This preamble will perhaps surprise you, but allow me to tell you that the surprise will not be greater than I felt on reading your letter. I expected, indeed, to receive it ; I even wished for it, but I was scarcely prepared for its contents. Do not imagine on that account that it offended me ; I am frank, and will confess that the avowal you make, so far from angering me, would have infinitely flattered me if I could have ventured to believe in it. But how can you expect me to believe and to persuade myself that you *love* me ? Remember, sir, that you have never seen me, that you know me only by hearsay, that Mélanie's portrait of me was sketched by a hand which embellishes all it touches, and that that hand was guided by friendship. Learn, in short, that I may have some good points, but that altogether I am what is called a plain woman, that I am probably older than you, and reflect after all this whether, without running a risk of passing even in your own judgment for extravagant, I can persuade myself that I am capable of captivating a man of your merit, age, and figure. I believe you like me, but I think you form, from the praises lavished on me by a too partial friend, an idea of my mind and my slender talents which would be much reduced if I had the honor of being known to you. Disabuse yourself, therefore, sir ; do not take me for an extraordinary woman, but merely for an affectionate and extremely susceptible one, a woman whose heart does not always let her head reflect, a woman whose perhaps rather too lively imagination is ready to take fire, but never except for objects she thinks the worthiest of her esteem.

After explaining that Blancard has seen Villenave's letters, and wishes her to see the writer before she decides between the two, she adds :—

You perhaps imagine me rich ; now disabuse yourself of the idea. I possess something, and have expectations ; my situation is tolerable, but in no way brilliant. However, I think I have already hinted to you that I am dependent on a father who will act generously to me, but will not impoverish himself for my benefit, especially as, while allowing me to marry, I am well aware he does not wish it. Before arranging anything, therefore, you must be sure of retaining your present post or of obtain-

ing another which would make up for its loss. . . . In testifying a desire to know you, I have no thought of urging you to come to Nantes ; I feel how ridiculous the proposal would be, yet I cannot conceal from myself that that plan, assuming it possible, is the only one which can make us acquainted, and can consequently decide my fate.

This letter crosses one from Villenave, dated the 19th January :—

So I am under the knife of destiny. At the moment I am writing my fate is perhaps settled, irrevocably decreed. Oh ! miss [*sic in orig.*], you will not be mine, and I shall never see you. Fool that I was ! I contrived despite all possibilities, to fancy that it would be possible to convert my heart's romance into history. . . . Oh ! miss, you escape me, I no longer hope for aught ; I have read that letter, so fatal to my tranquillity ; it is my admiration and my torment. All is over between you and me ; I bid you a perhaps eternal farewell. . . . Your heart is pre-engaged. . . . Had I gone to see you you would have said to yourself : " Behold him, he is neither handsome nor ugly, rather good-looking than not, and he is tall ; there is nothing striking in his figure, but nothing displeasing. He has chestnut hair, dark eyes, good teeth : his countenance is mild and open, his manner is amiable and sensible ; let us make him talk." Then I should have said to the amiable miss : " My mind is better than my person. I know that you do not think yourself pretty, but if you love me you will ever be so in my eyes. I have not come two hundred miles for your face or your fortune, but I would have come a thousand for your good and amiable qualities." Here, miss, you would have blushed, but not so much as I should. " I come to offer you my hand and heart. I should have preferred to enrich you, I can only love you."

He proceeds to quote four lines from Pope :—

O happy state, when souls each other draw,  
which made Marianne imagine that he knew English, an idea which he had to correct.

On the 30th January Villenave writes :

What was she [Mélanie] thinking of in telling you that she had made a conquest of me, and that I was in love with all the ladies of the chateau ? Really, miss, this

puzzles me. Was it vanity, or merely one of those sallies made without reflection, and without foreseeing what may one day have vexatious consequences? I have great respect for our ladies, I find them amiable and kind, but assuredly that is all.

He also likes *Mélanie*, but she is flighty, and is devoted to painting; her talk of *Marianne*, together with the letters and portrait had smitten him:—

Do not fancy, kind and amiable miss, that I am a frivolous, fickle, thoughtless young man. I am twenty-nine; I have loved twice in my life. For a long time I knew misfortune; I have felt the nothingness and frivolity of the world; I have gained experience, tact, yet I have preserved my morals. . . . I have numberless defects, but not one vice. . . . How flattered I feel to be able to call myself your friend. Your pretty hand has signed this permission. Oh believe, amiable miss, that it is too much for my deserts, but not enough for my heart. . . . How alarmed I am at the inclination which draws you to my rival.<sup>1</sup> What! you read him my letter, *Mélanie's*, and even your own. Oh, dearest *Marianne*, I am lost if you have not the courage to veil from him the secrets of your own heart and of mine. . . . A word from your mouth and I fly to your feet, or I remain forever fixed on the spot where destiny has prepared, matured, and decreed my misfortune.

*Marianne* writes to *Mélanie* on the 5th February:—

M. de Villenave's letter is charming; it proves what I knew but too well, that he is the most amiable, the most fascinating of men, but it does not at all prove that he is the man destined for me, for it was written before mine, and does not answer any of my questions. Ah! *Mélanie*, if he has received mine I am sure he has given me up. What man could stand such an ordeal? He would have to love, to love passionately, and how could he love me? He does not know me.

She asks *Mélanie* to bring Villenave over to Nantes, and to make acquaintance with *Blancard*, if not an amiable, a thoroughly honest man, to whom she

has told all, as she was bound to do, for he has another chance amply compensating him for her loss.

Villenave, writing on the 12th February, says:—

I have seen everything, read everything, your letters, your postscript. I hold them, I clasp them, I read them, I re-read them, I cover them with tears and kisses; I am victor. Yes, yes, I enjoy my triumph. . . . They are mine, all your letters to *Mademoiselle Mélanie*. I hold them, I keep them, she shall never have them back, not even your first ones, though in these there is nothing about me. These are my titles, my glory, thy soul, thy virtues, thy mind, my happiness, my triumph. No human power shall ever deprive me of them. . . . Beg her to leave me this precious deposit, it is mine forever; the thief will give it up only at the gallows. And *Miss Tasset's* portrait, painted by herself! more than a month ago it was stolen, taken by force. Oh! that also shall never be restored. . . . I also have made a sacrifice. A marriage that was offered me, a young lady, not handsome, but pleasing, amiable, but not of much education, and without talent, not rich, but much richer than I am, a respectable family, to whom I was not displeasing. Well, six weeks ago I stated in the most straightforward way that I could no longer be reckoned upon. I had then but little hope of possessing *Miss Tasset*, but I was desiring, I was soliciting her hand; I would not leave an estimable family under any mistake. Behold, miss, what delicacy prevented my telling you a fortnight ago, and what you should never have known had you refused me. . . . Thou wilt have to deduct much from thy friend's excessive praises, but I can say with *Rousseau*, "I do not know a better man than myself." Oh! miss, kind and sweet friend, forgive me for having thou'd you; I swear that this shall not happen again without thy permission, but I shall obtain it, shall I not? . . . Receive the tender kiss of love. Remember that my fault is involuntary, that my intoxication is thine own work, and then—dare to punish me.

On the 16th February he again writes:

I will not await your reply, my dear *Marianne*—allow me this sweet familiarity of expression—to ask you to forgive the extravagance of my last letter. . . . You will tell me "many sins are remitted you because you have loved much." Then,

<sup>1</sup> As to whom he has questioned *Mélanie*, but she does not know him. She has also played a joke on *Marianne*, by sending her an *Apollo Belvedere* as Villenave's portrait.

doubt not, I shall with difficulty resist the temptation of becoming still more culpable.

He, is impatient to see her, yet has misgivings, and suggests that the Abbé Ricard should first visit Nantes and speak for him :—

I see myself fifty years hence a good old patriarch, with Marianne and our children,<sup>1</sup> who will have learned to love each other and us. Adieu, good, amiable, sensible miss . . . open thy sweet lips to the kiss of love. These kisses which come from such a distance, are not bitter, like those which St. Preux received from Julia. Adieu, miss ; adieu, Marianne ; adieu, wife. How sweet to talk with thee, how painful to quit thee.

Marianne, forgetting this time to give a date, writes :—

You have seen my letters, you have read your own triumph and my weakness. I have only therefore to blush and be silent. But do not imagine it is with shame. Far from blushing at the feeling which draws me to you, I am proud of it, but I confess I would rather have kept you in ignorance of it till my worth could have taught it you. The confession, it seems to me, would have been sweeter for us. I should have read your happiness in your eyes ; I should have said, "He is happy, and I am the cause of it." . . . Perhaps you can wait patiently. You are a man, and a philosopher to boot, but I, who am only a woman, that is to say a weak, sensitive, curious woman, I wait ? No, I can never wait above three weeks from to-day at most, and I shall conclude, if you do not come at the prescribed time, that you do not love me at all. . . . But alas, ought I to hurry you to start ? Ought I to hasten the moment when I shall perhaps irrevocably lose you ? For what if my presence lowers the veil which conceals all my imperfections from your eyes ? . . . I know not why, but of late I find myself much plainer than usual. Alas, it is perhaps because I never so much deserved to be handsome. . . . Fancy, not merely am I no beauty, but I am stout, tolerably well shaped indeed, but not having what is called a slim figure ; I have a white skin, dark and rather full eyes, a countenance which people call expressive, and I had the finest hair possible, but an illness two years ago made me lose it. It is grow-

ing again, but is still short, and so thick that it enlarges rather than adorns my head. I have besides a large nose, thick lips, in short I am much like my portrait but perhaps still plainer, and that, you know, is not handsome. . . . I cannot love by halves ; the lover who has learned to please me ceases to be a man, he becomes a god who rules and governs my destiny at his will ; I live and breathe only through him. Remember that I shall love you as you have never, perhaps, been loved, but that I desire the like. Remember, lastly, that I have never understood fickleness, and that yours would kill me. . . . My mind has made, I am sure, more than a hundred journeys to Courteilles. Alas, if you would hasten your promised journey a little, you would spare me much travelling and fulfil all my heart's desires. . . . I hope now to get at least one letter a week, but beware, sir, of writing me more than three ; I should refuse them, and to make me take them in you would have to bring them yourself.

Writing to Mélanie on the 17th February, Marianne asks whether Villenave often talks of her, whether he seems happy :—

How I long for, yet dread, the moment when I can clasp you both to my breast, bedew you with the sweet tears of sentiment, and say to myself, "Behold him who will make my happiness, behold her to whom I owe it."

Blancard, in a parting interview, had wished her happiness, and had asked for continued friendship and correspondence :—

Ah, Mélanie, what it costs me to afflict an honest man, and what would I not give never to have known that unfortunate young man ! I have informed my father of M. de Villenave's visit and sentiments. He seems disposed to receive him well, but I hear him sigh, though I hope M. de Villenave will convert his uneasiness into happiness, without which my own would not be perfect.

On the 23rd February, Villenave writes to the Abbé Bradt to ask him to break off negotiations in another quarter, for he had a more advantageous prospect, though still very uncertain. Nevertheless he would not run after two women at once, and would rather miss both than deceive both. It is

<sup>1</sup> "The gods, assenting, granted half his prayer,  
The rest the winds dispersed in empty air."  
Pope's *Iliad*.

difficult to reconcile this letter with what he had told Mélanie on the 12th February of a rupture then six weeks old. Had he three strings to his bow?

On the 24th February Marianne writes :—

O my friend, I exist only the days when I hear from you, the rest of the week I pass in waiting and longing. I am constantly sending to the post, I ask everybody about the arrival of the mails, and I should exhaust the patience of those around me if their friendship for me did not make it inexhaustible. Yes, you love me, I believe it, I feel it, and I begin to flatter myself that your inclination, springing from affinities of soul, will resist everything, even our first interview, and that you will love me even without beauty because you will love not my face, but my heart. If my letters fell into the hands of some prude I should doubtless be blamed, but as I have never been either a prude or a coquette, and as my feelings, I venture to say, are as pure as my heart, I do not blush to avow them to him whose happiness I hope they will ensure. . . . Ah, I begin to believe you are he whom my heart has so long sought, he who should realize all the dreams of my imagination, he whom I once thought I had found, but whom fate made me know only to deprive me of him forever. . . . If you come, as I presume, by coach, I will send somebody to meet you. We are sorry not to be able to lodge you, but except at night you will be always with us.

Villeneuve writes on the 27th February :—

I swear thou shall be mine, mine forever. No human power can prevent a union long doubtless foreseen and determined in the inexplicable Book of Fate. Thy father will love me, because I shall make his daughter happy. . . . Thou art an angel. No, thou canst not be plain! Ah, thou shalt never be so in my eyes. . . . I loved for six years a plain woman because she had answered my first letter without coquetry and with the effusion of a heart more enamoured than my own.

Three days later he writes again to say that though he has done with correspondence, he will bring a number of letters to satisfy her father of his character. "I give thee the tender kiss of love."

On the 4th March, Marianne writes :

Oh how my heart thrills at the idea of soon seeing you. . . . Seeing you so handsome [in his "flattered" portrait by Mélanie, enclosed in a letter of the 27th February], how is it possible not to find myself a hundred times plainer than usual? . . . I was almost as vexed to find you so good-looking as to see myself (in the glass) so plain. . . . There is still time enough, make your reflections, spare yourself the horrors perhaps of repentance. You do not say whether you have a mother living, but I should be so glad to cherish and respect her. Alas that I have none. How her beautiful soul would rejoice at our happiness; how she would love you! But for three years she has rested in the tomb, and as long as I live she will be the object of my keenest regrets, just as while living she was that of my tenderest love. . . . The "Nouvelle Héloïse" is for me the first of romances, Julia, the first of women, and St. Preux, the model of lovers. I know no hero in Richardson to compare with him. Clarissa, charming and interesting as she is, does not affect me, with her grand virtues, as much as Julia, tender Julia, even with her failings. . . . Should I not look for a room in the neighborhood, as near us as possible? . . . Adieu, then, I leave you, but only to think of you, to look at your portrait, to read your letters, to applaud my choice, to bless her to whom I owe the happiness of again loving, in short, to busy myself only with you and with the moment when I shall enjoy the inexpressible happiness of seeing you, and hearing you ask me for the first time, "dost thou love me?"—charming question, to which I shall eagerly reply, "How I love thee."<sup>1</sup>

On the 8th, she writes again :—

Your letter is charming, adorable. You write like an angel, I should say like a god, but that it is dated Courteilles. That date pains me, and you know that the gods never give pain. My imagination still depicts your arrival with Mélanie. She enters first, I rush into her arms, but while embracing her, I look for you, I discover you at last, and I rush to clasp you too in turn to my heart throbbing with pleasure. My dear friend, I am so full of this idea that frequently on hearing the bell, and seeing the door open, I involuntarily tremble and fancy it is you.

She goes on to speak of an intimate

<sup>1</sup> Here she for once uses the second person singular.

friend who ridiculed the notion of love without sight. She hopes Villenave is fond of music, and not fond of the chase.

Villenave, unaccompanied by Mélanie, has to go first to Paris, whence he writes on the 11th March, on the eve of starting :—

Oh, my dear friend, in three days I shall be at thy feet, on thy neck, at thy side. . . . I arrive pale, cramped, my hair untrimmed, dirty, crumpled, looking like a shop Adonis. I shall, however, if I can, spare my dear Mélanie the imposing view of my head buried in a large dirty cotton cap. Ah, if I had more vanity than love, I should not see Marianne till the day after my arrival, but even if I had just emerged from a bog I do not know whether I should be courageous enough to delay by one hour that first so ardently desired interview.

Writing again from Mans, on Friday, the 16th, he says :—

Dining takes a long time, and we sleep at an inn every other night, so that though we set off this morning at three, we have done only forty miles. We shall reach Nantes on Sunday evening, perhaps at six, perhaps at ten. . . . Twenty-four hours must still elapse before I see my beloved. Oh, how slowly the time passes. My impatience, my love, prevents me from sleeping.

This is Villenave's last letter. Can we not fancy that Sunday evening at Nantes—how Marianne sent her maid an hour before the time to meet the coach and conduct Villenave to his lodging, how he goes thither to make himself presentable, how Marianne has taken unusual pains with her toilette, how she questions the maid as to how he looked, and what he said, how she listens impatiently for the bell, how it rings at last, and then—There is not a line from Villenave to any outsider to give us his impressions of the interview. We have only Marianne's mention of it, and this does not enter into details, but takes everything for granted. She writes to Mélanie on the following Saturday :—

To depict my felicity would be to depict my gratitude, but I know of no colors, no pencils, which can express what I feel, no,

not even yours. A happiness like mine is felt, it is not expressed. . . . I write you this letter just before going to bed, for there is no writing when my dear Villenave is here, I can only look at him, listen to him, talk with him, occupy myself with him.

A week later she writes to a Madame de Guinguené at Rennes, pressing her to come over to the wedding :—

Remember that one generally marries but once in a lifetime, and that there is only one M. de Villenave in the world. He has travelled a hundred leagues for me, I feel that I would go a thousand for him. . . . One of the few men met with only in romances or in women's imaginations. . . . We are having delicious days together. No, never was there a mind more amiable, more tender, more sensitive, more loving, more loved, more worthy of being so.

On the 7th April she writes to Mélanie :—

Never will be effaced from my recollection the moment when we saw and embraced each other for the first time. My heart could scarcely contain its feelings. I was no longer on earth, I was in heaven. I am still there, and can say that I know and taste happiness in all its purity.

Villenave is seemingly capable of jealousy, for she now writes to Blaucard asking him to drop the correspondence, and he, with good wishes, regretfully consents. On the 22nd April she tells Mélanie that her father and her lover had had a few quarrels. The father evidently did not think a precarious tutorship a satisfactory position, and he wished Villenave to become a barrister at Nantes, but Villenave feels that it would be ungrateful to the Courteilles ladies abruptly to throw up his post. He is therefore to return to it, and Marianne is to join him in two months. The wedding has been delayed by Villenave having to send for documents.

We marry, then, on Thursday or Saturday, at 8 P.M. I need not beg you to address supplications to heaven for your friend's happiness. . . . I have but one thing to ask of heaven, the continuance of the love of him whom I shall not cease to adore except on ceasing to live, but who



would soon make me cease to live by ceasing to love me. . . . I send you a million kisses, as much for my dear Navau [a pet name she had given Villenave] as for myself.

Here ends a correspondence in which sensibility and common sense, passion and archness, gentleness and flightiness, are curiously blended. It is the more interesting because it is characteristic of the age. The letters of Madame Roland and of Bernardin de St. Pierre are very much in the same key, and also betray Rousseau's influence. Madame Roland's old schoolfellow, Sophie Canet, played, moreover, the very same part in the Roland as Mélanie in the Villenave match.

On May eve, 1792, heedless or unconscious of gathering political troubles, Miss Tasset became Madame de Villenave, and the bridegroom, who, as we have seen, dabbled in rhyme, wrote sixteen verses, which were appended to the letters. Whether, after all, he returned to Courteilles is uncertain, but if so, he soon left and settled at Nantes, where an illustrious refugee became his friend, and perhaps his lodger. Bailly, the astronomer and ex-mayor of Paris, so suddenly raised to eminence, so suddenly fallen from it, went thither about July, 1792, in the hope that the influence of a friend, Gelée de Premon, would ensure him protection, but the poor old man's troubles were soon renewed. Six thousand francs was claimed from him as arrears of taxes for the house he had occupied as mayor, and to meet this claim he had to part with his library. His house at Chaillot, just outside Paris, had also to be sold. Moreover, the Girondins, then in power, sent orders to the Nantes authorities to place him under surveillance, and once a week Bailly had to go and report himself to the public prosecutor, Garreau (a friend of Marianne's), who, however, we may be sure, made the ceremony as little irksome as possible. Roland, best described as Madame Roland's husband, next wrote a curt letter to tell him that the apartments at the Louvre, occupied for more than a century by his family,

as curators of the picture-galleries, must be vacated, and a bailiff was even sent to clear out the furniture. No wonder if with all these worries Bailly could not collect his thoughts for serious studies. He spent most of his time in novel-reading, and would pleasantly say, "My day has been well employed, for since getting up this morning I have read two or three volumes of the latest novel from the circulating library, and I can give a summary of it to anybody who likes to hear it." This pastime, however, was varied by conversation with Villenave and his friend Pariset, then twenty-two years of age, afterwards a distinguished surgeon, on Homer, Aristotle, Plato, French classics, astronomy, and scientific progress. Bailly was pressed by Casans, who, by the capture of the island of Grenada, had become a British subject, to accompany him to England or America, and Madame Bailly, who was with him, was anxious that he should do so, but Bailly thought it cowardly, after the part he had played, to flee the country. After the siege of Nantes, however, by the Vendéans, the revolutionary temper became too heated to allow of his remaining there, and he accepted an invitation (unhappily countermanded too late) to go and live with Laplace, his fellow astronomer, at Melun. Villenave, whom Bailly had got to style "my son," was going with his wife to Rennes, on a visit doubtless to Madame de Guinguéné, and on the 6th of July, 1793, Bailly started with them. Of his rough reception by the Melun mob, his despatch as a prisoner to Paris, his manly evidence at Marie Antoinette's trial, his own condemnation, the hours of waiting in the rain and cold because the mob insisted on the guillotine being removed from the Champ de Mars to a neighboring ditch — of this I need not speak. It is pleasing to think that Bailly passed a year of comparative tranquillity in the society, perhaps under the roof of the Villenaves, so that when on the 26th February, 1844, Arago at the Paris Academy of Sciences delivered a eulogium on Bailly,

he could point to Villenave and Pariset, there present, and thank them in the name of science and humanity for ensuring some moments of peaceful happiness to an old man, heart-broken at public ingratitude.

Oh, that Villenave's entire conduct during the Revolution had been on the same plane! He became president of the revolutionary clubs, and drew up an address complimenting the Convention on the execution of Louis XVI. On Nantes being besieged by the Vendéans, he argued that "law should slumber in such critical circumstances," and that though prisoners should have a fair trial the penalty should be promptly enforced. He was shortly afterwards appointed assistant public prosecutor. According to his own statement, he brought to the block the first noble, the first priest, and the first *bourgeois* in Nantes, and in three months conducted a hundred prosecutions. It is true that he afterwards retracted this assertion as having been made to save his life, and maintained that during his fifty-five official sittings there were but twenty-two condemnations, with one hundred and nine acquittals. Whichever version is true,<sup>1</sup> he was not "thorough" enough for the infamous Carrier, whose abominations at Nantes eclipsed even the atrocities of Paris. With revolutionary inconsistency, Marianne was arrested as a foreigner, though her father was left unmolested, but she was soon released. Not so Villenave, who with one hundred and thirty other inhabitants was sent by Carrier, on the 9th of November, 1793, to Paris, as Girondin conspirators. They were driven thither like a flock of sheep, sometimes tied together with a rope to prevent escape, frequently crowded at night into small, bare chapels, exposed to all sorts of privations. Some succumbed on the way. The survivors, on reaching Paris, were treated with comparative humanity, but for six weeks Marianne's letters were withheld from Villenave, as the chief conspirator,

though the other prisoners received theirs.<sup>2</sup> Tasset went up to Paris to plead for his son-in-law, and he published Villenave's account of the prisoners' journey, which speedily ran through several editions. Happily, the trial was postponed till after Robespierre's fall, and the prisoners, after a seven days' trial, were acquitted, in September, 1794, by the strange verdict of "Guilty of conspiring against the unity of the Republic, but not guilty of counter-revolutionary intentions." Villenave stayed in Paris to defend several of Carrier's accomplices, who with two exceptions were acquitted, Carrier, however, paying the full penalty of his crimes.

Returning to Nantes, Villenave practised as a barrister. He had aristocratic clients, but as he left them to pay what they chose, his receipts were scarcely a thousand crowns (£200) a year. When therefore the bar was reorganized he did not care to qualify, but contented himself with a professorship. From 1797 to 1800 he also edited a newspaper. Tasset, impoverished by the Revolution, died in 1801, and two years later Villenave, selling his library, removed to Paris, to a fifth floor in the house of the poetaster Delille. He supported himself by newspaper articles, compilations, and numerous contributions to the "Biographie Universelle." He formed a library of twenty-five thousand volumes, and his house was the resort of literary, political, and ecclesiastical celebrities, for the Revolution had made him, like many other free-thinkers, a good Catholic. A political Vicar of Bray, he was by turns royalist, Girondin, imperialist, legitimist, and Orleanist, but this was from temperament rather than interest, for we hear of no patronage from these successive governments. Let us hope he was more constant to his wife, who, as I find by her tombstone at Montparnasse, died in 1832. Villenave, who published verses as late as 1844, lived till 1846. He left two

<sup>1</sup> He pleaded in excuse that few men had passed through the Revolution blameless.

<sup>2</sup> His old patronesses, Madame de Rochechouart and Madame de Richelieu, were also prisoners in Paris in the spring of 1794.

children, Mélanie, named after Mlle. Muller, who was born in 1796, and died in 1871, and Theodore, who was born in 1798, and died in 1867. Both were authors, and in one of her books Mélanie, Madame Valdor, pays a warm tribute to her mother. Marianne, one is inclined to think, was more than equal to her husband, who in his prison notes describes her as "equally superior in mind and in heart." Her life, beginning in London and ending in Paris, was a singularly chequered one. Had she written a complete autobiography, though it might not have equalled in interest the four months' glimpse given by her letters, it would not have fallen into such speedy oblivion as the multifarious productions of her husband and her children.

J. G. ALGER.

---

[Copyright, 1893, by LITTLE & CO.]

#### THE NUMIDIAN.

BY ERNST ECKSTEIN,

AUTHOR OF "PRUSIAS," "APHRODITE," "THE CHALDEAN MAGICIAN," ETC.

Translated from the German by Mary J. Safford.

#### CHAPTER III.

AFTER the terrible disclosure Jurta sat in silence until long past midnight, her chin propped on her right hand, and her mournful eyes bent fixedly on the floor.

Every attempt of Aulus to vindicate himself and represent that he had acted only under the necessity of self-defence—some impulse urged him to emphasize this, though Jurta could not doubt it—was checked by vehement signs which, for hours, were the only token of life.

Sitho, the wreckers' boy, was ordered to watch the wounded men in the hut, Gaipor was too inexperienced a nurse, and the Numidian felt unable to stir a finger.

It was nearly three o'clock ere the terrible spell dissolved, Aulus Pacuvius and Philippus had fallen asleep—the young merchant apparently quiet and free from fever, his follower, on the

contrary, in a state of stupor rather than slumber. The whites of his eyes were visible under his half-closed lids; his features were disfigured; his face burned so that Sitho, every fifteen minutes, bathed his forehead with water fresh from the spring. Now, at the beginning of the fourth vigil, Jurta roused herself as though from a deep torpor and relieved the wearied boy. He ran, half staggering, to the wreckers' hut and threw himself on the heap of rushes. The Numidian went to the freedman, renewed the bandages, then, raising the lamp, glided to Aulus's couch.

Long, long she stood, absorbed in thought, panting for breath as she gazed into his pale, manly face.

An expression of unspeakable anguish hovered around her lips. Then a ray of fervent passion flashed from under her drooping lashes. So might a rapturous mother regard her child, an admiring daughter her father, a loving bride her idolized husband. The look that illumined the Numidian's face was blended of all these elements. She seemed to be Thetis beside the couch of Achilles, Aphrodite gazing at world-conquering Jove, Psyche before the flower-stewn bed of Eros.

Psyche most of all! The earnest, self-sacrificing, thoroughly womanly expression, which marks the sufferer of the Hellenic myth, appeared more clearly the longer she watched the sleeper, transfiguring her face by a look of gentleness it had never worn before.

"Yes,"—so her sparkling eyes seemed to say—"you are guiltless of my grief, and more noble and beautiful than any other man of the blood of Romulus. So I will sacrifice to you and your blooming youth, my ancient faith and all the feelings my parents and the priests have implanted in my soul from my earliest childhood."

As a Numidian, Jurta was bound to pursue to the death the stranger who had slain her brother, to hate him as her worst enemy, and not to rest an hour until the death of the murdered man had been avenged. The fact that

Onisso's base attack had caused the misfortune mattered nothing. The ties of blood-relationship were so sacred and so strong among the Numidian race that even crime could not sunder them. Though a robber, a criminal, Onisso still remained Jurta's brother—and if the priests of Nepte told the truth, the sister, should she omit to take vengeance, must suffer cruel torture for her faithlessness to the highest laws of the Spirit of the Storm. This doom was inexorable. No matter! She would meet her fate, languish through hopeless ages for a drop of water in the endless sand deserts, and suffer the thorns to tear her face and bosom, if only she were not faithless to the other inexorable command, which bade her, spite of everything that had happened, tend this stranger with all the strength of her love.

Whence this command came to her, who had whispered it, she knew not; she did not even understand her own state of mind; she felt one thing only: if she thrust the stranger from her hut, or took vengeance on him for a deed which was his indisputable right she would be wretched all her life, and remain so even in the palm-groves of Paradise.

How peaceful, how unconscious he looked as he lay there! How noble, kind, and gentle was the expression of his face! And those eyes which had gazed into hers so gratefully, and anon, with such anxious questioning, how they seemed to search her heart, even when closed.

No, oh no! She could not do otherwise! Her whole nature urged her to him whom she loved as she had never loved any creature before, who had so completely and suddenly taken possession of her soul. This was her fate, her eternal doom. Ah, surely the gods themselves must approve the feelings that welled up in the young heart so irresistibly, so sweetly, so bewitchingly! She yielded helplessly to the witchery of this thought, allowed herself to be borne away by it as a leaf circles in the whirling water. It was joy to be thus swept away into infinite space, and to

say: if you sink, your death will yet be rapture.

With the imaginative fervor of a Southern nature, Jurta revelled in this fascinating vagueness of feeling until Aulus Pacuvius, roused by the light of the lamp, suddenly opened his eyes.

Her composure instantly returned, and she addressed him with grave formality.

I must set his mind at rest concerning my feelings—that was her first thought; her second: I must assure myself this very hour that his people, when they arrive, will not destroy what seems to me so glorious; the happiness of nursing him and making him feel how gladly I would give my life for his service.

"My lord," she said, "now that you are awake, let me answer what you told me yesterday when I sank under the burden of my grief. You can understand how my heart bled. Nature is powerful, and my brother Onisso was dearer to me than any one in the world. But now I say to myself calmly—there is a destiny which only the highest of the gods allots; we who are mortal can make no change in it. You have done what you were compelled to do. I feel no rancor."

"Jurta!" cried Aulus, deeply moved.

"I accuse fate alone," the Numidian went on eagerly, as if she must make the assertion again. "Your act was just. Consider one thing more: do I know whether *your* hand slew him—not your slave's? True, before the judgment throne of the great Spirit of the Storm that is of no import since you fought shoulder to shoulder; yet it comforts me and so I can forget. Therefore do you, too, banish it from your mind, and let no cloud come between us, but trust me, that you may recover in rest and peace."

She had knelt beside his couch as she spoke. Aulus took her hand and pressed it silently. Jurta shivered slightly, and drew the colored woollen kerchief which had half slipped from her shoulders up closely around her throat as if she were cold.

Then she began again.

"My lord—or tell me your name that I may know whom my hut has for a guest."

He obeyed, smiling.

"Listen then, Aulus Pacuvius—how resonant it is and how aristocratic, almost like Cæsar Augustus—Aulus Pacuvius, will you grant me a favor?"

"My kind preserver, who is so just and so generous! With the utmost pleasure."

"Then do not leave this hut until you are fully restored to health! If you have leeches in your train, they can see whether I have done what is right; they can show me wherein I have erred; they may, as far as is necessary, watch beside your couch. Only do not cause me the grief of seeing you depart ere you are cured."

"My good child, shall I be a burden upon you longer than necessity compels?"

"A burden!" she repeated scornfully. "Ah, don't you understand that work, nay, even care will comfort me now? For years I have toiled to serve my brother, prepared his meals, woven his garments, and soothed him when he came home angry. Now all that is over, and the solitude of this empty room would kill me were I forced to stay here alone. So in mercy grant what I ask, since you cannot seek Cneius Marcellus and his splendid rooms."

"Well," replied Aulus Pacuvius, "it is really no sacrifice for me; not one of my companions, not even my Hellenic leech, Heliodorus, has hands more gentle and skilful than yours; and the hut is like a Roman summer house. So, if you really mean——" Once more he pressed her slender fingers tenderly.

"I thank you," she said earnestly, returning the pressure. "So all will end well. Now swallow a few drops of this liquid, and then sleep again."

She filled the smallest of the six gourds that stood in a row on the shelf and held it to his lips.

Aulus took several long sips, nodded, already half asleep, and then closed his eyes.

A blissful sense of weariness stole

over him. He felt as though broad, invisible wings were bearing him far above the lake and wooded mountain—northward, ever northward, till, in his dream, he beheld the glittering mirror of the Mediterranean shining in the rosy light of dawn. Collu, with its palms and maples, nestled on the shore of the bay—the little huts, the huge factories, the glittering marble of the new houses.

Yonder, specially warm and beautiful, irradiated by the glow of morning, towered the splendid dwelling of Livius Tabianus, with its broad vestibulum and flower-decked courtyards. Still floating, still borne on wings, the happy dreamer sank slowly into the fragrant peristyle. Here, through the door of the nearest cubiculum, he beheld a luxurious couch, and on the culeitra, one round arm flung upward over her little head, slept Livia, the charming lover of music and flowers. Suddenly the walls noiselessly sank back on all sides, the coverlet of the couch changed into the folds of the palla, and the fair maiden stood before him as she had looked that day in the garden, half thoughtful, half mischievous, the very image of a gay, happy, bewitching girl.

His dream continued, gentle and happy, without change or conflict. He held her hand; she floated on by his side, and around them bloomed a fragrant wilderness of magnolias and roses. Music echoed from every blossom; the flower spirits sang in a chorus of hundreds of voices: "Livia, sweet Livia, how beautiful you are!"

Suddenly his heart quivered. Livia's face had blanched to the likeness of death, and as, filled with terror, he called her name and ardently embraced her, he perceived that her graceful form was rigid.

A cry of horror escaped his lips. Falling swiftly, he plunged with the lifeless form into the depths—down, down, till he was shattered on the rocks at the bottom of Tartarus—and awoke.

The Numidian was standing before his couch, the morning sunshine



streamed in golden rays through the open doorway, and a warm breeze wafted the fragrance of water-lilies from the shore.

"I came to wake you," said Jurta, smiling pleasantly. "You slept restlessly, and at last talked in your dreams, as the priests do when they prophesy. How do you feel, Aulus Pacuvius?"

"Not very well," he answered, sighing. "My limbs are like lead, and I think the wound is growing more painful."

"I foresaw that," replied Jurta. "Have no anxiety. We will renew the bandage now, and then you shall again enjoy this cooling liquid."

"I thank you, Jurta. How is my freedman?"

"He is in a violent fever. But he will soon be better. He is young and strong, and the season of the year is favorable to recovery."

"You look pale and worn by watching," said Pacuvius, after a pause. "Have you slept, Jurta?"

"No. I am not tired. I can watch two nights. Besides, your attendants will arrive to-day; then I will watch in turn with the physician."

"You are needlessly anxious. Gaipor is neither a child nor a simpleton. I beseech you to take a few hours rest."

She slowly shook her head and laid her hand upon his brow.

"Years ago Jamo, the priest, discovered that Jurta had the power to exorcise evil spirits and soothe restlessness. Do you feel that my hand calms you? You seem excited."

"I feel that your hand does me good — nay, more: that you have a powerful will. Do what you think best; watch and let me sleep — but remember that I must do without a most faithful nurse, if you fall ill."

The morning passed without incident. Aulus Pacuvius really felt too weak to have the slightest inclination to talk or even to look and listen. He lay on his coverlets with closed eyes, conscious only of a vague sense of comfort as he noted the Numidian's quiet, almost noiseless movements, while pre-

paring for herself and Gaipor the usual meal of the country, made gruel for the wounded men, washed bandages and cloths, and performed the other duties of the little household.

An hour after noon the attendants Aulus had left behind arrived, and were no little startled by the unexpected events.

Each individual felt responsible for the disaster, though they could not help admitting that no one could have thwarted Aulus's desire to ride alone.

And why should any one have attempted to do so? The road to Nepte had long been considered safe, thanks to the efforts of the pro-prætor, whose representative at the Tritonian Lake was the energetic centurion, Decius Camillus.

Almost at the same hour, the said Decius Camillus had had the bodies of the slain robbers brought to the criminals' field where they were to be left a prey to the vultures and half-wild dogs.

Through the intercession of Aulus Pacuvius, to whom Heliodorus brought these tidings, this arrangement was changed and Onisso, with the wreckers, was burned on a funeral pyre, while the Batisian, as the basest, was interred with a dead jackal.

So Jurta was spared the insufferable torture of knowing that her brother was left unburied, but Aulus's wrathful followers could not be withheld from doing one thing. They levelled the wreckers' hut to the ground and rolled from the neighboring quarry a huge block of stone, which they marked with a threatening inscription in the Latin, Greek, and Numidian languages — a monument of warning to every one who passed that way.

The leaders of the party found little difficulty in securing temporary lodgings at small expense for their men in the homes of the five or six Greek and Roman colonists and in the huts of the natives. The extensive dormitories, which they began to build at once, could be finished in a fortnight; for the mild climate allowed the lightest structures of framework and woven rushes.

Meanwhile Aulus Pacuvius, by Jurta's desire, remained under his preserver's hospitable roof. The leech Heliodorus expressed his approval of all the Numidian had done, and praised her skill and knowledge.

The young merchant's wound gave no cause for anxiety. Yet the Hellene considered absolute rest necessary for him as well as for the freedman, whose lung was wounded.

So Philippus was carried to one of the neighboring huts and committed to the charge of two experienced old Lusitanian slaves.

Jurta, with Gaipor and the physician, now had only Aulus Pacuvius to tend—and never did a loving woman enter so thoroughly into the vocation of a nurse as this Numidian girl. She scarcely left the Roman's side. When she rested, it was in a half-sitting posture at the foot of his couch. At the slightest movement of her charge she sprang up with eyes wide open, though under other circumstances the loudest crash of thunder during an African mountain tempest could not rouse her from the sound sleep of youth. The more she toiled, the more brightly her eyes seemed to sparkle; her whole being was transfigured, illumined with an indescribable glow like the soft moonlight of a dewy night.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE third week had begun when Heliodorus pronounced Aulus Pacuvius's wound entirely healed.

Aulus had already left his couch five days to sit outside the hut on the stone bench and feast his eyes on the superb view of the lake, the pine-clad chain of hills, and the luxuriant groves of palms beyond the bay. Revelling in the joy of convalescence, he inhaled the refreshing morning breeze, and listened to the simple, untutored talk of Gaipor, who—as if in defiance of the luxuriance of African vegetation—spoke of the dunes and moors of his Northern home, the beech-trees, centuries old, that grew on the shores of the Siga and Rura, of the snorting boar and the courage of Sigambrian hunters.

LIVING AGE. VOL. I. 14

The Numidian had expressly urged the slave to this, in order to interest Pacuvius and divert his mind from his plans. She had learned from his attendants, most of whom were native Africans, the projects which had brought him to Nepte; she understood their importance, but she also noticed how easily Aulus sunk into reveries that lasted for hours, and, at such times, a feverish flush mounted to his temples—while the physician had ordered complete rest. Gaipor was to prevent this; and, indeed, the Sigambrian, usually by no means loquacious, proved so admirably suited to his task that Heliodorus, after listening to the slave's prattle, praised the Numidian as the best judge of human nature he had ever met. He himself had considered the Sigambrian too silent and inanimate to charm his master's active mind.

Jurta, too, strove with equal zeal to shorten the hours for her guest. Like Gaipor, she described the customs of her home, related with great clearness the incidents of her childhood, the adventures in the mountains, the toilsome pursuit of the lions, and the battles with the panthers. She spoke of the father who had been sold by Cilician pirates to the gladiators' barracks of a Roman prætor, and the kindness of the Emperor Augustus, who, after the wounded man's first appearance in the amphitheatre, bought him and set him free. Or she sang in a low tone a Numidian song, accompanying it on the seven-stringed lute which she handled with great skill.

Now and then one of the foremen or secretaries came to spend fifteen minutes with the patient. But no one ventured to speak to him of business matters; the Hellenic physician's prescription was a command to all, and Jurta would have been quite capable of scratching the offender's face with her sharp little nails, had she suspected any violation of the order.

It was not alone anxious solicitude that made the physician's directions thus sacred, but rather a secret sense of jealousy.

She wanted to be the first to discuss Aulus Pacuvius's next step with him. She had a certain amount of experience — she knew the land, its conditions, and everything connected with it far better than any of the young Roman's companions. Not in vain had she wandered from one end of the lake to the other, up into the mountains and far away southward into the wilderness, where there is only sand and blue sky. She had learned, too, from the Greek and Roman colonists many things that sharpened her sense of the important and practical, and rendered her capable of rapid perception and comparison.

Certain events of recent date had given her triple food for thought and increased her zeal for Aulus Pacuvius's interests to a condition of feverish excitement. Now that the physician had pronounced her patient cured she could delay no longer, lest one of the foremen should anticipate her that very day.

It was the third hour after sunrise. The young Roman, as had been his custom since the first of the week, sat leaning against the reed-woven wall, gazing over the sparkling blue lake, where the sails of the numerous fishing boats floated slowly past in squadrons.

"My lord," Jurta began, taking a seat by his side — within the past few days she had avoided using his name — "you must no longer be left in ignorance that the wound, now fully healed, has inflicted a lasting injury upon you."

"Pshaw!" cried Pacuvius, with an incredulous laugh.

He moved his arm and shoulder to show the Numidian that he could again use the injured members freely.

"I mean something quite different," replied Jurta. "Like Philippus, who has nearly recovered, though far more severely wounded, you will neither be lame nor feel any pain in the future. But what you neglected during your illness may trouble you for a long time — you and your mother Septimia."

"What I neglected?"

"Yes, my lord. Know that eight or ten days ago a representative of Livius Tabianus arrived here, an Egyp-

tian, with numerous slaves and freedmen."

"Impossible!" cried Aulus Pacuvius, starting up.

"Yes, it is true — and, unluckily, I must add that this Egyptian — his name is Abbas — is a man who has the keen eyes of the eagle and the strength of the lion. He set to work at once; for three days he did not leave the saddle, and just now I heard in the fruit market that he had bought all the land as far as the northern shore — the very best pasturage — part from the city, part from the individual owners."

"Are you crazy? All the land?"

"With the flocks," replied Jurta.

"He is said to have paid a large sum, but he will reap a profit. Whoever has the pastures controls nine-tenths of the valuable wool Nepte produces, and, as you are rivals in this business, Livius Tabianus could hardly have made a shrewder beginning."

"You see that?" asked Aulus, frowning. "And yet you kept silence? You did not cry out to me: 'There is danger in delay.'"

A deep flush crimsoned his face.

The Numidian gazed at him beseechingly.

"Do not be angry!" she pleaded humbly. "I obeyed the leech's command. And indeed he was wise when he ordered us to keep silent. Even now, a week later, you grow excited and tremble till I fear some misfortune."

Pacuvius, panting for breath, sank back on the stone bench and rested his chin on his hand. His features expressed the most extreme annoyance.

"But do not think it *my* fault that nothing has been done," the Numidian continued. "Twenty times I entreated your foremen to compete with the crafty Egyptian on their own responsibility. Livius Tabianus is rich, but rumor says that the illustrious house of Pacuvius is threefold richer. So a few purses of gold might well have been risked without consulting you."

"Of course!" cried Pacuvius angrily.

"I told your people so," the Numid-

ian went on. "I advised them not to let the lands go on any account, to supplant the Egyptian by offering three or four times the amount he paid, and, when you had recovered, to place the accounts before you and ask your consent. They knew your plans, and had they not been struck with the deepest blindness, they must have seen that their success depended absolutely on getting these pasture-lands. But not one ventured to obey me and, as Heliodorus constantly spoke of the grave responsibility of the case and considered it both ridiculous and wicked to peril your physical welfare for so trivial a matter, a thing was done which unfortunately cannot be altered."

"The stupid, empty-headed dolts," cried Aulus Pacuvius angrily. "You, you alone had any sense in this chaos of folly! True, to be perfectly just, I must own that I told none of my men how far I looked into the future and of what stupendous importance I regarded the whole project. During the journey, there was no time to do so; in Collu I intentionally avoided speaking of it, that no rival should get possession of the idea. And now I learn that this very Ligurian, who came to Collu only a short time ago has outwitted me. Shame and disgrace!"

He struck his forehead with his clenched hand, then growing calmer, added:—

"I don't know, Jurta, whether you understand the cause of my anger—especially whether you appreciate its motives. By all the gods, I am not influenced by avarice. I do not long for wealth merely for its own sake; we, too, rumor has told the truth, are very rich. Though all our business enterprises should end to-day, we could still riot in gold like Cræsus. But there is a desire for success which has nothing to do with the base metal, as there are generals who do not seek victory for the mere sake of conquest, but to win the laurel crown. I thought—I hoped—oh, it is unbearable."

Again he made a violent gesture of wrath.

"Do not be so impetuous, my

lord!" said Jurta. "We should not lament despairingly; so runs the third maxim of the divine priest Jamo."

Aulus Pacuvius made no reply. His eyes were bent upon the ground, as though seeking some mysterious sign among the intricate patterns in which the pebbles were arranged.

"No matter!" he cried after a pause, suddenly straightening his figure. "I must try to outstrip the Ligurian, spite of all that has happened. I will grant myself three days more to rest; then I will wander around the lake like Ceres seeking Proserpine, and never stop till I have found something to supply the loss."

"I thought so," replied Jurta, smiling; "a champion like you does not yield so quickly. But your search will be vain."

"Vain? Why?"

"Because nothing or next to nothing remains that you can use. Directly behind the grove of palms a stony desert stretches to the mountains. Opposite, where there seems to be pasturage, grows the coarse grass we Numidians call spear grass. Cattle and sheep thrive fairly well, but in a short time the wool loses its fine quality."

"Why, who knows—Have you been a shepherdess?"

"No, but my father owned a small flock which he kept there. Believe me, my lord, had it been possible to extend the business the land would have been utilized long ago, and, instead of a few hundred animals, thousands would now be grazing there."

"So there is nothing, nothing? I may as well pack up and travel home again with drooping head, like the hungry jackal, whose prey the vulture has snatched from under his very nose. In truth, it was worth while to be nearly murdered for such a fine success as this."

"How faint-hearted you are!" cried Jurta, with a triumphant smile. "But I said only that your search would be vain—not your struggle in another way."

"I don't understand."

"Why, if you have patience, you can create what you cannot find."

"Create? Can I transform the coarse grass into fragrant clover?"

"Not exactly; but you can accomplish something similar if you will have faith in Jurta's counsels. Listen, my lord. I know the neighborhood of the lake as the bird knows its nest. Often, while following the track of the antelope, I have noticed things which had nothing to do with the chase. I know where for miles nothing but a thin layer of moss covers the stony ground; I know where the rich loam is a yard deep; where the dry sand affords scanty nourishment solely to the blue agaves, and how it happens that yonder on the northern shore, the same sand has been transformed into the most luxuriant pasturage. This change is the work of the Jacussar, the muddy brook which, rising in the western hills, sweeps in a wide curve to Lake Tritonis. Every year, early in March, the Jacussar's inundation fertilizes the plain; it alone has wrought the miracle."

"The Nepte Nile!" said Pacuvius. "But how does this knowledge benefit me?"

"Listen to the rest of my story. If you follow the course of the stream upward, perhaps two miles and a half, you will reach a plain which the people here miscall the desert. It is bare and desolate, but, as soon as the upper layer is removed, precisely like the soil of the shore. The brook now flows past the north-western end of this wilderness. If we succeed in turning its fertilizing waters, and by means of works which, in my ignorance, I cannot describe more clearly, flooding the whole plain, you will have there—less conveniently situated, it is true, but thrice as extensive as here by the lake—pasturage which Livius Tabianus cannot help envying you."

"Girl! That idea! How did it enter your head? What friendly god inspired it?"

"Probably the same one that led me into the woods on the day of your misfortune," she answered gravely.

"You know, my lord, that when you strive with all the might of your soul, the intellect grows docile and ideas rush into the mind. Will you and your men try whether my idea is correct?"

"As soon as Heliodorus consents, you shall guide us there, that we may make the closest examination. Do the woods and fields belong to the city?"

"Yes, my lord!"

"So much the better. We can probably come to an agreement more speedily than with individual owners, and every day is precious. Meantime, beware of an incautious word, that Livius and his crafty Egyptian may not again dash round the meta while we are gathering up the reins. Give me your hand, Jurta! You will make me your lifelong debtor."

She laid her fingers in his right hand, saying reproachfully:—

"My lord, you mock me. You my debtor! If I have nursed a sick man and wish him well after his recovery, I only obey the laws of hospitality. It is the custom of Numidia."

"Then I praise the custom and will thank you after the fashion of the Massilians."

He took her face between his hands and kissed her tenderly on the forehead. For an instant she seemed to totter as if on the point of sinking helplessly on his breast. Then, with sudden impetuosity, she released herself and, crimson with blushes, darted into the hut.

From Temple Bar.

A HUMOROUS ROGUE.

BY MRS. ANDREW CROSSE.

IN the month of July, 1693, there was much ringing of bells at Bickleigh, near Tiverton, to celebrate the christening of the rector's infant son. At the very same time there was much wringing of hands in England generally—for the news had just arrived of the terrible loss of life and property incurred by Admiral Rooke's utter failure to safeguard the "Smyrna Fleet." The French had captured forty of our



richest merchantmen, and sunk as many more. It is likely that numbers of west-country people had adventured money on these cargoes, and lost it through mismanagement, or what is worse, *treachery*. Jacobite plots were still simmering, and it was commonly said that every non-juring clergyman was King James's "ready intelligencer."

Though there were great "part-takings" throughout the land, politics do not seem to have disturbed the festivities at Bickleigh, for it is on record that the Rev. Theodore and Mrs. Carew had "a splendid gathering of gentlemen and ladies of the first rank in the county" on the occasion of this memorable christening. Mr. Carew, be it known, was not one of those hedge parsons who are described as leaving their patron's table before pudding-time; he was a man of good estate and of ancient lineage. Witness the saying "Cary, Carew, and Coplestone were at home when the Norman came." Major Moore, and Mr. Hugh Bampfylde, "both honorable gentlemen," were to be the boy's sponsors, and there being an amiable contention as to which name should precede the other, it was agreed to decide the matter by tossing a guinea. Mr. Bampfylde came off the winner, and to commemorate the event he ordered a valuable piece of plate to be made with his godson's names engraved in large letters — "Bampfylde, Moore, Carew."

The "utterly respectable" company assembled at the rectory that day would indeed have been astounded could they have foreseen that the mewling infant in the nurse's arms, half smothered in costly laces, with the silver spoon of prosperity in his mouth, would choose mendicancy as a profession, make lying into a fine art, and become a popular hero, as the so-called "King of the Beggars." Pedlars hawked the tale of his adventures throughout the country, in the form of chap books; and in fact so popular was his story that upwards of forty editions of Carew's life appeared in

one form or other during the eighteenth century. The seventh edition, called "An apology for the life of Carew," was dedicated to Fielding, and is dated 1763. It contains, in a folded sheet, a likeness of the hero. This woodcut represents a portly gentleman in a velvet cap of the Hogarth shape, but with a narrow border of ermine; as respectable an ancestral portrait as pride could desire. The face is remarkable for a square, obstinate jaw, and for a humorous expression in the eyes, which seem to say "variety's the very spice of life" — and it suits me to make a jest of it.

History does not say whether Master Carew was troublesome in the nursery, but one can fancy that his mother and the maids had a bad time with him. In his twelfth year he was sent to Blundell's school at Tiverton, a school in much repute amongst the west-country squires. Here he soon became the ringleader of all that was mischievous; but he imbibed a very fair amount of classical learning, and it was not till he was about sixteen that he got into serious trouble. It appears that Carew and three of his schoolfellows had a sporting adventure, when they rode across country, doing so much wanton damage to the standing corn, and finally killing a pet stag belonging to a gentleman in the neighborhood, that great indignation was excited. To escape the punishment with which he was threatened Carew ran away from school, and soon after, falling in with a gang of gipsies with whom he was already acquainted, he joined them, resolving to cast in his lot with the vagrants, whose free life appeared so delightful to the self-emancipated schoolboy. The cunning gipsies made things as easy and pleasant as possible to him, for they found their young recruit an adept at deception and subterfuge. It is recorded that he obtained twenty guineas from Madame Musgrove of Monkton, near Taunton, for telling her that at the hour when her lucky planet ruled she would find a hidden treasure in a certain spot in her garden. The rogue was over the

hills and far away long before the lucky hour was due.

Carew lived with the gipsies for a year and a half, during which time his disconsolate parents had publicly advertised for him, and had sent messengers in every direction, but without avail. At length the young prodigal returned home of his own accord; whether he was sick of his vagrant life, or was touched by contrition for the sorrow he had caused is uncertain. He was received with entire forgiveness, and the church bells were set ringing, and feasts were given to rich and poor to celebrate the happy event. It would have been well if the rector had sent the restless lad off to sea with Sir Cloudesley Shovel, or procured him a commission in Marlborough's army, for just then there was plenty of fun and fighting by sea and land.

The experiment of home life was a failure; after a few months the old restlessness came over him, and Carew ran away again, this time for good and all. It is a remarkable fact, that wanderer though he was, he chiefly haunted the familiar west country, always returning thither after his long voyages to different parts of the world.

In 1713, when his career may be said to have begun, Jacobite plots were more rife than ever, and the rumor spread that an armament was preparing in one of the ports of France to bring over the Pretender. Carew always took care to turn popular sentiment to account. He often obtained parish aid, as a shipwrecked seaman, or as an unhappy traveller, who had been taken prisoner by the Turks, and escaped with nothing but his life. Sometimes he was a rat-catcher, or he pretended to be in possession of a secret cure for madness in dogs and cattle. Occasionally he accoutred himself in an old blanket, and went about as a "Bedlam beggar" — a "poor Turlygood" as Shakespeare has it — who —

With roaring voice

Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms

Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;

And with this horrible object from low farms,

Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,

Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,

Enforce their charity.

This is literally what Carew did; nor was he the only instance, for "Tom o' Bedlams," real and pretended, were suffered to roam about the country well on in the eighteenth century. It must be remembered that in the beginning of that century the paupers and beggars were estimated at more than one-fifth of the population of England.

Carew at one time had done so well in his strange calling, that he found he had ample funds for a pleasure trip to Newfoundland; and falling in with his old schoolfellow Escott, one of the four boys who ran away, they arranged to make the expedition together. It is a tradition in the west that none of these young fellows ever returned to a respectable mode of life. Carew describes the cod fishery and other matters connected with Newfoundland in terms almost identical with the interesting account given by Philip Gosse, the naturalist, exactly a century later. With all his moral obliquity, there was enough of the typical Englishman about Carew to enable him to value the practical side of things; he was shrewd in observation and even trustworthy in his statement of facts. On his return to England after the fishing season was over, he made good use of the information he had acquired, imparting his knowledge to those who were interested in the trade possibilities of Newfoundland. He levied contributions in the guise of a shipwrecked mariner. If the newspapers of Poole or Dartmouth reported a wreck, then the ubiquitous rascal presented himself in the neighborhood. What DeFoe was as a writer in his power of verisimilitude Carew was as a narrator of imaginary incidents. Seated in the ingle seat of a lonely farmhouse, he was no unwelcome guest for the nonce, for he told with much vivacity and with great feltness of detail his thrilling adven-

tures, his hair-breadth escapes, piling on the horrors to suit his gaping audience. The dwellers in the upland farm, in their peace, plenty, and home security, were made to feel by force of contrast the terrible risks encountered by those who go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters. Carew was a real artist, and knew how to turn the hearts of his fellow-men to pity, and furthermore he had the knack of making them open their purses. He might have been an ornament to the bar, he might have been a first-rate actor, or a preacher, but he was content with success in his own line. His savings enabled him pretty generally to take his "long vacation." During one of these holidays, wishing to see something of the coal mining industry, he fixed his headquarters at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, taking care to make "a very genteel appearance there." While playing at respectability he became acquainted with a surgeon's family of the name of Gray, and falling in love with the handsome daughter, he induced her to elope with him. The lady was much troubled when she found her lover was in some mysterious way associated with gipsies, but on the assurance that he belonged to an honorable family, she was reconciled, and they were lawfully married at Bath.

The first edition of our hero's adventures appeared in a quarto volume in 1745, as related by himself. The "histographers" of later memoirs, as they style themselves, embody the autobiography with subsequent incidents in his career. Carew telling his own story, says that he took his wife to visit an uncle of his—"a clergyman of distinguished merit"—living near Gosport. This gentleman received them very kindly, and did everything in his power to induce his nephew to reform his life now he was married, promising not only to make him his heir, but to help him in his present needs. These persuasions were of no avail; Carew was an incorrigible vagabond, and shortly returned to his shifty career. He profited so far from his sojourn with his

uncle that his next personation was that of a distressed non-juring clergyman, who was supposed to have quitted his benefice in Wales, impoverishing himself and family for conscience' sake. This stratagem brought in a great deal of money, for his gentleman-like manners, and a few tags of Greek and Latin, helped excellently his assumption of character. Hearing that a vessel bound for Philadelphia, with many Quakers on board, had been wrecked on the coast of Ireland; he made harvest of the occasion. He now appeared in a plain suit, dropped all flowers of speech, said *thee* and *thou*, and moved his hat to none. Addressing himself to the Quaker denomination he received a considerable contribution for his relief—a fact he gracefully acknowledges by saying that "they show a readiness to relieve their brethren that other sects would do well to imitate."

Perhaps a little weary of the saintly rôle, he next turned rat-catcher, and presented himself at "Squire Portman's, at Brimston, near Blandford." In the courtyard he saw the squire with Parson Bryant and several other gentlemen, who it appears suspected that it was no other than Carew. He states that he was handsomely entertained at the second table, and that afterwards he was called into the "great parlor" amongst a company of ladies and gentlemen. On being asked his name he boldly gave it, which occasioned a good deal of mirth, Mr. Pleydell observing that never having seen this famous personage he was glad to meet him. "You have seen me before," said Carew, "you gave me a suit of clothes and a guinea a few days ago, when I appeared as a shipwrecked sailor." "Well," said Mr. Pleydell, "I will lay a guinea I shall know you again, come in what shape you will."

This led to some bets being made on the matter. A few days elapsed, and the same company met at Mr. Pleydell's house. Now it chanced that there had been a dreadful fire at the neighboring village of Kirton, and in the course of the afternoon a poor old

woman, carrying her three grandchildren, came into the courtyard most piteously praying that the ladyship of the house would give something to those starving infants. On being duly pinched, they screamed so lustily that the dogs were set barking, and the gentlemen on their return from shooting turned aside to learn what the hubbub was about.

"Where do you come from?" asked Mr. Pleydell.

"From Kirton, please your honor, where the mother of these babes was burnt to death."

"D—— Kirton," was the rejoinder; "there has been more money collected for Kirton than ever the place was worth." However, Mr. Pleydell gave the old grandmother a shilling, as did likewise several of those present.

Before the gentlemen got into the house, their ears were saluted with a *Tantivy*, *Tantivy*, and a loud halloo to the dogs. Of course this proceeded from the old woman, who was no other than Carew. The incident produced much merriment.

No one knew better than Carew how to shelter himself by appealing to the humorous side of human nature. A good story or a broad joke was not only hailed with delight, but, more than beauty's self, was a joy forever in the old days. As Diggory said to Squire Harcastle, "We have laughed these twenty years at your worship's story of old grouse in the gun-room." Folks used to say that some of Carew's tricks were as good as a play.

One of the doggerel verses sang at Carew's coronation, when he was elected king of the beggars, is the following:—

Be it peace, or be it war,  
Here at liberty we are;  
Hang all Harmembecks,<sup>1</sup> we cry,  
We the *Cuffin Queres*<sup>2</sup> defy.

The latter boast was unlucky, for, not long afterwards, Carew having made himself up as a terrible guy, chanced to meet Justice Lethbridge quietly jog-

ging over Bilton Bridge, near Barnstaple. The horse not having got beyond the clothes philosophy in his estimate of mankind, took fright and bolted. The justice, with the ample rotundity fitting his worshipful age, did not like his shaking, and vowed punishment on Carew, whose identity with the unsightly cripple was brought to his knowledge. The result was our hero was made prisoner; in vain were all the numerous intercessions on behalf of the popular rogue; Mr. Lethbridge was resolved that the country should be rid of "this pestilent fellow." Carew was two months in Exeter jail before he was brought up for trial at quarter sessions. Justice Beavis, the chairman, asked the prisoner as to what parts of the world he had travelled in, and learning that he had been in Newfoundland, remarked that he must now proceed to a hotter country—*Merryland* in America. On this Carew made a critical observation on the pronunciation of the word, which he said he believed should be *Maryland*, adding that he had long wished to see that country, but he desired to know by what law they acted, as he was not accused of any crime. However, sentence was passed upon him, of transportation for seven years; his fate was not singular, for out of thirty-five prisoners, all but three were ordered into like banishment. This wholesale deportation had probably something to do with the demand for skilled workmen on the part of our proprietary colonies. This was shown by the eagerness of the Maryland planters to buy the convicts taken out in the ship that conveyed Carew to his destination.

We learn that Captain Froade of the ship *Juliana*, after a voyage of eleven weeks and four days from Falmouth, brought his ship to anchor in Mile's River, Talbot County. He ordered a gun to be fired as a signal to bring the planters down, and the next morning, according to custom, they came. On asking for news from old England, the captain told them that war had been declared against Spain. This gives us

<sup>1</sup> Constables.

<sup>2</sup> Justices of the peace.

the date, 1739. Nearly a hundred prisoners of both sexes were on board; the men shaved and washed, and the women, with their best caps on, were ordered on deck, where sat the planters well supplied with rum punch. They had already expressed a hope that the captain had brought them out a good store of joiners, carpenters, blacksmiths, weavers, and tailors. One Griffy, a tailor from Chumleigh, who had been sent over the water for sheep stealing, was asked by Parson Nicholas if he was sound of wind and limb? The intending purchaser warned him, that it would be the worse for him if he told an untruth. Finally the tailor was bought as a slave for seven years, the term of his sentence!

After all the best tradesmen had been brought up, a planter came to Carew asking his trade, and had for answer that "he was a rat-catcher, a mendicant, and a dog merchant." The captain, fearing he should lose the sale of him, took the planter aside, telling him the fellow did but jest, being a man of humor, for he was a great scholar, and was only sent over for having disobliged some gentlemen, adding that he would make an excellent schoolmaster.

Carew was taken on shore the next day, when the captain tried to puff his knowledge of Latin and Greek, but all to no avail. The punch-bowl, the accompaniment of all business transactions, engaged the planters so long that Carew took the opportunity of escaping, taking with him a pint of brandy and some biscuits. He fled at first into the woods, but the following day, meeting some timbermen going to their work, he was captured; there being a reward in the colony of five pounds for apprehending a runaway. He was shortly lodged in New Town jail. Here, in a large room with open gratings giving on the street, Carew found himself in a medley from all parts, including a good many Irish. Hearing a man in the street speaking in the familiar dialect of dear old Devon, Carew called to him and found from him that several ships riding in the river were

from Bideford, and one of the commanders was Captain Harvey, a friend of his. Whereupon he begged the man of Devon to go and tell him at once of his perilous state. While the obliging messenger was gone, Carew had leisure to contemplate the view into the square; on one side was the Assembly House, a fine building with a whipping-post and gallows in front. It must not be forgotten that the severity of the punishments inflicted by our colonists only reflected the condition of the Criminal Code in England.<sup>1</sup>

Presently Carew's heart was gladdened by the sight of a friendly face, and he gave a tantivy, which brought Harvey to the window, when he cordially shook hands, saying, "he should as soon have expected to see Sir Robert Walpole there as him." In the end the Bideford men offered to buy Carew off between them, but this would have been a compromising matter, and the prisoner absolutely refused to obtain his liberty by sacrificing his friends. Captain Froade, hearing of the escaped convict's whereabouts, sent round his long-boat, paid all charges, and brought him back to the ship. Here the unfortunate man received the indignity of a flogging, and the blacksmith on shore made for him a heavy iron collar, called in Maryland a pot-hook, such as was commonly used for runaway slaves.

The Bideford men came to look after Carew, and finding his sad plight, for he was now sent to the iron-works of Suspy Hallam, never rested till they had contrived his escape. After many misadventures, he got away into the country of the friendly Indians, and fell in with a tribe whose chief called himself George Lillycraft, for he was the son of one of those kings who were in England in the reign of Queen Anne. This man talked a little En-

<sup>1</sup> Sir Erskine May observes: "As the country advanced in wealth, lawgivers grew merciless to criminals. Life was held cheap compared with property. From the Restoration to the death of George III., no less than one hundred and eighty-seven capital offences were added to the Criminal Code." (*The Constitutional History of England*, vol. III., p. 393.)

glish, was very kind to the runaway, and soon caused his galling yoke to be removed. After this he had some pleasant hunting expeditions with the natives, who proved so kind and hospitable that they offered him a wife out of one of their principal families. This embarrassing complication induced Carew to slip away from his friends at the earliest opportunity; and managing to seize a canoe on the river Delaware, he got eventually to Newcastle in Pennsylvania, where, after a wonderful see-saw of luck and mischance, he resumed the stratagems of civilized life.

Carew was once again a Quaker, this time from Bristol, where he had been "kidnapped by one Samuel Ball, of the same place." First a kind-hearted barber gave him "a half-crown bill," and a Mr. Wiggil was liberal with his paper money. By happy accident our hero came across a Mrs. Turner, a Quakeress who formerly lived at Embercombe, near Minehead; he knew how to soften her heart by talking of the old familiar place and people, so that the good soul gave him a round sum in bills and recommended him to some Quakers at Derby, where she said he would find Mr. Whitfield.

In the "Autobiography of Franklin" there are records of Whitfield at this very time and place, which help to corroborate the general accuracy of Carew's story. Franklin speaks of the enthusiastic admiration that was felt on all sides for the preacher's eloquence, which he describes as giving him the pleasure of much the same kind as that received from an excellent piece of music, so beautiful was the emphasis and accent of his finely modulated voice.

Carew describes that on his way to Derby with a Quaker friend of Mrs. Turner, they were overtaken by hundreds of people, some on horseback, many more on foot, all pressing forward to hear Whitfield preach in the open air, for no building was large enough to contain the thousands that flocked to hear him. Carew took occasion to interview this remarkable man,

by getting up a distressful petition, wherein he represented himself as a clergyman's son, who had been cruelly dealt with by adverse fortune. The interview was very interesting and improving; good Mr. Whitfield gave him four pounds, together with some excellent advice on the duty of resignation to the will of God.

After this Carew pushed forward on his travels, and thus describes the Philadelphia of 1739; he says:—

According to the plan there is in each quarter of the city a square of eight acres, intended for the same uses as were Moorfields in London—walks and exercises for the citizens. . . . Here is a printing-house and a gazette weekly published. In a word, here are all things necessary for an Englishman's profit and pleasure.

The newspaper here mentioned is Franklin's *Pennsylvania Gazette*, in which Whitfield's writings were first published. The same printing press had issued regularly since 1732 "Poor Richard's Almanac," containing, amongst other things, those pithy maxims showing "The Way to Wealth." Franklin was at this very date interesting himself in electrical experiments, in founding a public library, and promoting other useful institutions. He must have been a conspicuous citizen, but we do not find that Carew ventured to approach him; perhaps he had taken to heart Poor Richard's saying, that "one chafferer knows another."

Carew boldly presented himself at "Proprietor Penn's fine house," where the door was opened by a negro with a silver collar round his neck, like that he had erstwhile worn of the baser metal. Here, and later at the governor's house, he told his tale so well that he received contributions enough to pay his passage home.

In this old volume there is mention of a vast number of people, settled in America, whose names are identical with those of west-country families of the present day. Carew describes them as hailing from different well-known localities in Somerset and Devon, and in these details he may be trusted. Americans of our own time might chance



upon some links of interesting family genealogy herein.

Carew's homeward voyage was uneventful till they approached Clovelly, where a pilot came on board to take them to Bristol. He brought bad news for the sailors, telling that the Ruby man-of-war lay in King's Road, and that Captain Goodyre was pressing all the men he could lay hold of. Carew, on hearing this, was determined to feign sickness; he pricked his face and arms, and then, rubbing in bay-salt and gunpowder, had all the appearance of small-pox.

It was not long before the ship was boarded by the lieutenant of the man-of-war, who said, "I must have your hands, sir," to the captain; adding to his own men, "Come in, barge crew, and do your duty."

No sooner were the words spoken than the crew leaped upon the deck and the lieutenant ordered all the ship's company aft. Amongst them was a stout fellow, an Indian, who, catching hold of a hand-spike, put himself in a position of defence, saying, "Mee won't come, dammee, ye meddle wit mee, mee dash your brains out." The crew, finding him resolute, did not think proper to attack him, and the lieutenant fell a-laughing and left him. Almost at the same moment he encountered Carew, who was a most pitiable object, wrapped in a blanket. The officer, who was much in dread of small-pox, kept his snuff-box to his nose, and, tossing the man half-a-guinea, got out of the ship as soon as he could.

Believing himself free from the press-gang, Carew went on shore, threw off the small-pox, got some decent clothes, and set out for Bridgwater as soon as possible. Here he presented himself as a West Indian planter, whose ship had foundered off Cape Clear, and who, through help of an Irishman, had been put on board a Bristol ship. After raising a handsome subscription from the Bridgwater merchants, he made himself known to them. They were exceedingly surprised to hear of Carew's return from

penal banishment, and really glad to have the humorous fellow back again. Like Scott's Edie Ochiltree, he had his place in society, and if loose in some matters, he held in honor certain unwritten laws of custom and privilege, — pity for the poor, and respect for the gentry. In short, Carew received quite an ovation on his safe return, much to the benefit of himself and the tavern-keepers. After his profitable evening at the Swan Inn, Bridgwater, he called on Sir John Tynte, Haswell Park, and on "Justice Crosse of Broomfield;" both these gentlemen "presently knew him and made him very welcome." The tradition of these particular visits, and of many of Carew's strange doings, are preserved amongst several of the west-country families. On one occasion he was at Plymouth doing business in the habit of a rat-catcher, when, hearing that there was to be a great cock-fighting match, he laid aside his rags, put on the clothes and manners of a gentleman, and attended the gathering. He bet several wagers with Sir Coventry Carew, and with his own brother, Mr. Henry Carew, the clergyman of Saltash, and had the good fortune to win, leaving the place undiscovered by any one.

Not long after this he was begging one day in the town of Maiden Bradley as a shipwrecked seaman, when he was accosted by another beggar in the cant language of mumpers. After some talk they agreed to join forces for a time, and after a carousal at a wayside inn, they set off to pay a visit at Lord Weymouth's residence at Horningsham Manor House, which this nobleman whimsically preferred to the magnificent seat of his family — Longleat. It was to the manor house that the two castaway sailors bent their steps; Carew was to be spokesman, but when he was about to commence his tale of woe, he was stopped by the servants in the courtyard bidding him begone, for if Lord Weymouth should come and find them there, he would horsewhip them without mercy. However, the rogue's eloquence so far prevailed that

they got part of a leg of mutton, half a wheaten loaf, and a shilling from the housekeeper. These victuals they exchanged at the Green Man for liquor, and then they fell to disputing, and in the end each went his own way. For once Carew himself was taken in; the pretended beggar was a greater impostor than he was, for he turned out to be no other than my Lord Weymouth himself. It seems he hurried home, and letting himself in by a private door, and with the aid of a trusted servant who knew his ways, quickly resumed his ordinary clothes. Affecting to be very angry that the beggars had been relieved contrary to his standing orders, he sent a horseman in pursuit of the fellows. Carew was soon brought back, and confronted with his lordship, who sternly declared, that unless the other rogue was found, he should be committed to prison. It was Lord Weymouth's humor to play this game with the terror-stricken vagrant. During the time they had foregathered as mumpers, Carew had confessed who he was, and Lord Weymouth to make sure that he was fallen in with the real Simon Pure, had sent off post haste for his neighbor Captain Atkins, who had been at Tiverton School with the son of the rector of Bickleigh.

When Carew's identity was proved, Lord Weymouth told the story of his disguise, to the perfect astonishment of the former, and they all made merry over the affair. After entertaining his strange guest for three days, his Lordship took him to the Warminster horse races, and "introduced him to many honorable gentlemen."<sup>1</sup>

Throughout his life, Carew is described as having the most wonderful power of attracting dogs. There is a droll story of his calling at Cannington, near Bridgwater, on his first cousin Lord Clifford, when there was great excitement, everybody snatching up their dogs lest they should follow him, as the children followed the Pied Piper

of Hamelin. Carew asked what was the meaning of all this hurry-skurry. Lord Clifford replied that Parson Crosse had advised him to be careful, as he had lost his spaniel but the day before. In answer to this Carew said with lofty indignation that "the parson ought to understand that ingratitude is unknown in our community, and that the property of our friends is always sacred."

Going further westward, Carew presented himself at Sir William Wyndham's picturesque old manor house near Watchet. Here he encountered Sir William walking in the park with his friend Lord Bolingbroke — Pope's "St. John." Carew made out a long story to the gentlemen, and went off well content with their liberality. Wyndham himself had known the necessity of seeking a disguise, when he was suspected of plotting in favor of the Pretender in 1715. In the autumn of that year, two king's messengers arrived early one morning at Orchard Wyndham, desiring to see Sir William at once. He appeared in his dressing-gown, and on being informed that he must consider himself a prisoner of state, begged only to be allowed to retire and dress, when his coach and six would be ready to convey the whole party. Making the best of his opportunity, Wyndham donned the habit of a clergyman and slipped out by a private door. After many adventures, he, at last finding that a thousand pounds was offered for his apprehension, went to the house of his father-in-law the Duke of Somerset, and surrendered. After a few months' imprisonment in the Tower, he was admitted to bail.

Some two years after Carew's visit to Orchard Wyndham, the young Pretender was known to be rallying the adherents of the Jacobite cause in Scotland, and our hero set off for Edinburgh, curious to see something of the rebels. Possibly he was a Jacobite at heart, but having no mind to risk a whole skin in the doubtful issue of the rising, he feigned lameness, contenting himself with shouting lustily, "God bless you, noble gentlemen," when he

<sup>1</sup> It is the second Viscount Weymouth who figures in this incident. There are portraits of him, and of his friends and servants, by Wootton in the hall at Longleat.

saw Bonny Prince Charlie and his Highland chiefs at Holyrood.

Carew kept up with the rebels, accompanying them as far as Derby. Even with his crutches he was not far behind the main body of the army, who "entered the town six or eight abreast, a mixture of every kind from childhood to old age, chiefly in clothes marked with dirt and fatigue." The screeching bagpipes, and the sight of the white standards with red crosses, brought no recruits at Derby, and Carew, with his usual shrewdness, seeing how matters were, dropped his crutches and made the best of his way southward, changing his note to "God bless King George."

Before closing his professional career, it seems that Carew paid another enforced visit to America, having been kidnapped at Topsham through the instigation of Merchant Davey of Exeter, who owed him a grudge. After many surprising adventures told most circumstantially as to names and places, he returned home quite comfortably after an absence of only a few months.

A little later, at all events some time in the fourth decade of the century, he visited Ireland, giving a characteristic account of the society of the day. He had an opportunity of seeing something of it, being for a while the guest of his old schoolfellow Lord Annesly. The latter referred, in the broadest brogue and with the greatest zest, to their youthful escapades together at Tiverton, when they went off dog-stealing, and on other mischievous pranks, sleeping the night in hay-tallets. The school discipline must have been rather lax in those days!

One of the numerous and later editions of Carew's biography states that, in advanced life, he became an edifying example, for having been converted by the eloquent sermon of a reverend bishop, he gave up his vagrant habits of beggary, and took to financing. He speculated so successfully in lottery tickets that he won several thousand pounds.

In his domestic relations, for he had his interludes of domesticity, Carew

seems to have been a pattern, for his wife remained devoted to him as long as she lived, and she had over thirty years of married life. In the latter days of their prosperity, when enjoying his luck in the lottery, Carew resided in London with his wife and daughter, but not finding the air of the town rightly to agree with him, he retired to the west of England, and there, says his biographer, "he made a neat purchase, and ended his days beloved and esteemed by all."

An old biographical dictionary gives the date of his death as 1770, a ripe age considering the extraordinary nature of his adventurous life.

---

From *The National Review*.  
THE GARDEN THAT I LOVE.

LIFE is one long recantation, and I want to recant what I said about the garden that I love looking its best about the first of May. It is now nearly the middle of June, and I protest that never, never, never, was it so beautiful as now. You need not believe me; and I dare say I shall contradict myself afresh before the year is out. But do we not all act thus; being so constituted by a kindly dispensation that, when beauty or joy attains to a certain pitch of intensity, we feel we have never before experienced any so great? This readiness to exaggerate present pleasure is compensation for the kindred inclination to magnify present pain. Have we not all of us seen, a hundred times, the loveliest view, the best horse, the most beautiful woman, in the world? There is no call to be exact and consistent in our admirations; and I again declare that I have never seen the garden looking anything like so fair as at this hour. Even Veronica says the same; and precision of statement is one of her innumerable virtues.

Had it been my lot to be present at the ardent discussion conducted in the time of Abelard between Nominalists, Realists, and Conceptualists, I think I

should have asked if, when any one used the word flower, as he fancied, in the abstract, he did not think rose in the concrete. The rose is the typical flower, all the world over, and the mind cannot get away from its representative personality. Withal, in most gardens the rose enjoys but a brief reign, much briefer, indeed, than that of many another flower. But, so long as it blooms in profusion, it throws into the shade all other pretenders. At this moment, fully one-half of the front of the house, from ground to gable, is hidden under bunches of one white clambering rose.

Round my casement blow  
Those clustering roses fancy hath baptized  
Maids-of-the-village; and adown they hang,  
Like to a waterfall you see far off,  
That foams but moves not.

Let me confess I did not plant that rose. I found it here when I came; but neglect was beginning to curtail its mural territory. So I had it taken down, and a very difficult, thorny business it was; cut out all the older wood, carefully pruned and trimmed it, nailed it up again upon the wall, and manured it richly about the roots. There must be millions of roses on it now, and it is a glory and a show through all the leafy month of June. There is a little climbing blush-rose that tries to compete with it, but ineffectually, for it is so much less hardy, though I do my best to see that it gets fair play. It is curious to watch how the combative instinct exists even in peaceful-looking flowers. The flourishing rose I spoke of looks south-east, and therefore enjoys a capital aspect. But on the northern side I planted a white Ayrshire rose; and, not content with the domain assigned to it, which is fairly extensive, and as if aware there is a rival round the corner, it is beginning to show itself there also, and evidently means to enter into competition. I shall tolerate its tendency to warfare, because it blooms again, though of course less profusely, in October, when the maids-of-the-village are thinking only of winter, and make their sober ar-

rangements accordingly. Veronica admires these last heartily enough — who could help doing so? — when they are in their first virgin beauty. But, when they begin to go off, they make a daily litter of fallen petals about the door, which are often blown into the hall; and then Veronica speaks of them somewhat slightly, as of things possessed of no sense of order or neatness. In order to escape her reprobation — for she always holds me responsible for anything that goes amiss in the garden — I turned the Poet on to her, who obligingly hummed, —

Now that milch-cows chew the cud,  
Everywhere are roses, roses;  
Here a-blow, and there a-bud,  
Here in pairs, and there in posies.  
Roses from the gable's cliff  
With pale flaky petals strewing  
All the garden paths, as if  
Frolic Summer took to snowing.

The truth is — though I dare not tell her so — Veronica, though she knows a good deal about flowers, is a gardener only by accident, and because I happen to be one. Otherwise, she would be more indulgent with a certain untidiness there is in nature, and without a sympathetic toleration of which one cannot have a garden of the better sort. I am conscious of living in awe of her rooted detestation of irregularity, but I cannot suppress an emotion of pleasure when the fallen petals of the maids-of-the-village baffle us both. Once she threatened to have the hall door shut upon them; but I quoted Goldsmith's line about the houseless stranger, and she desisted.

If anything could make me wish to have a large house instead of a small one, it would be that I might have a wider expanse of wall up which to grow clambering roses. Far from being surprised that there was once a War of the Roses, I wonder the world is not perpetually at war about them, there are so many claimants for the crown. Every one has a *Maréchal Niel*, its early appearance, its generosity in blooming, the exquisite arrangement of the petals, and its dry, aromatic fragrance, rendering it indis-

pensable. But I wish it would hold up its head and look one fearlessly in the face, as other roses do. The at present favorite white Niphetos, which has never quite won my affections, has rather the same habit, and I infinitely prefer to it, at any rate for outdoor life, the old Lamarek or Solfaterre. It is unwise ever to dogmatize about a rose, and therefore I will not say that William Allen Richardson does not thrive on a south-eastern aspect. But with me it will not, though it faces the west most cheerfully. On the recommendation of an expert, I am going to try how Bouquet d'Or, Rêve d'Or, and Madame Berard will like fronting north. These, of course, are tea-roses, and, even if they fail me there, the hardy Ayrshire ones will continue to console me for a disastrous experiment. It is the signal distinction of the Gloire de Dijon to care little or nothing towards which point of the compass you place it. But, with the exception of one that divides a wall with an *Ampelopsis Veitchii*, without suffering in the least from its tight embrace, I grow all my Gloires de Dijon along a fence in the stable-yard. Why should stable-yards not have flowers to beautify them as well as more romantic-sounding nooks and corners? Never, from the middle of May to the end of November, is the garden that I love—for I regard every hole and corner round about as belonging to it—without Gloire de Dijon roses. Sometimes they suffer from grub and canker in the spring, and many a bud has to be nipped off, and assuredly they are more healthy, and therefore more lovely, later in the year. They then have a roseate heart, which greatly beautifies their pale yellow petals; and when one would be perfectly happy for a few seconds, one buries one's nose in one just full-blown.

Veronica has just been asking me what I mean by sticking in small rose-stocks here, there, and everywhere, in the most unaccountable places and situations, and I can see she suspects I have got roses on the brain, and that if I am not checked in this tendency I

shall soon qualify for the County Lunatic Asylum.

"Do you not remember," I plead, "the roses in the Embassy Garden at Rome, which soared and flowered right to the very top of the tallest cypresses; and surely you can recall growth of almost equal vigor in the yellow Bank-sia roses, in many a villa garden round Florence nay, in the very heart of Florence itself?"

"Yes," was the reply; "but this is not Italy, and these forlorn-looking little plants will never grow higher than your head, even if they accomplish that modest feat."

Veronica is sceptical and pessimistic. I am credulous and sanguine; and so I mean to give a number of hardy climbing roses a chance of getting as high in this world as the comparatively diminutive elevation of English evergreen trees will allow. What would be the good or the pleasure of a garden, if one did not make experiments?

One experiment I have made, which was declared to be exceedingly rash, and yet it has succeeded beyond all expectation. I have planted a couple of hundred tea-roses in open beds, and they have done magnificently, and have given me greater joy, I think, than any flowers I ever grew. As a rule, people grow tea-roses against walls, as I myself likewise do in the enclosed kitchen-garden. But the belief that they are delicate, and absolutely require the protection and encouragement of a wall, is a sheer delusion. I do not mean to say the flowers are not somewhat larger when the stems are trained against red brick; but they certainly do not bear as profusely, and all the beauty of their natural habit is thereby sacrificed. For my part, I should grow tea-roses in the open, even if they did not open their flowers, if only for their long, lissom stems and graceful buds. But they flower liberally and without interruption from May to the end of November. When I first put them into the ground, on their arrival from Lyons, Veronica asked what they were, they seemed so diminutive and to have so little life in them; and, though I

sheltered them through the winter with a little withered bracken, they had apparently dwindled so by March that she again enquired compassionately what I intended to do with them. She was answered by the middle of April, when they put forth long, vigorous shoots, and were the pride of the garden all through the summer and autumn months. Last winter I treated them similarly; and again, since we had twenty-eight degrees of frost, they were cut down to the ground. But what they are at this moment, I should require the help of her Poet to describe. Faultlessness in flowers is almost as rare as in human beings; but these tea-roses are absolutely faultless. Their stems and their leaves are as graceful as their buds; they bloom continuously for six months; not one of them is of a bad, vulgar, or tawdry color; and they never suffer from blight, fly, or mildew. I carpet their beds with violas, purple, white, or yellow; and they tolerate, and indeed favor, these dwarf intruders, with the utmost amiability.

With this honorable and blameless record, compare the annual register of the hybrid perpetuals. At this moment they are looking their very best, having got over their troubles of the winter and spring, and not yet suffering from the trials of autumn. A hundred and sixty are in full blow at the further end of the tennis-ground abutting on the orchard; and I dare say many of them would be pronounced prize roses. But all through the winter months they were no more beautiful nor sightly than currant-bushes. At the end of March they were cut back by the pruning-knife, so that they resembled young gooseberry-bushes, similarly treated. By the end of April, and all through May, they were the favorite resort and provender of grub and green-fly; and now that, with the aid of finger-and-thumb and syringe, they have outgrown their enemies, many of them have flowers which, however lovely for a day or two, fade in an exceedingly unbecoming manner, and with no eye for color. In August and September most will show rusty

leaves, the miserable aspect of which is not atoned for by the second flowering of the rest. I must get rid of those congregated one hundred and sixty, though I know that protest will be raised in an influential quarter. Still, I can see that the tea-roses are increasing in favor; and when I carry in a branch a yard long, beautifully curved, of radiant color, and surmounted by a perfect posy of large, delicate flowers, I am employing the best form of advocacy in order to carry my point. Once prove that you can have rose-beds in flower for six months of the year, and who will gainsay you? Sometimes I think I should like to have nothing but tea-roses; but the fit of unreasonable exclusiveness soon passes away.

Thus, at present at any rate, "everywhere are roses, roses." But the loveliest of all, be it said with reverence, are in the June hedges. All the rose-growers in France have not produced a flower that gets so close to one's heart as the English eglantine.

In Poet's Walk the dog-roses find a congenial home; and the sweet-briars are gradually doing themselves justice in the outlying borders. Just now, they are covered with their pale pink flowers, which will, when autumn comes, be glowing coral hips. The yellow Austrian briar, which thrives so heartily in many a cottage garden hereabout, has not yet condescended to make much of a show in mine, though I trust it will, in due course. I sometimes think there are flowers that refuse to decorate the *superba civium potentiorum limina*, the porches and parterres of the well-to-do, and, with the discriminating partiality of true kindness, reserve their full beauty for the narrow territory of the poor. "You cannot want me," they seem to say, "for you have so many other flowers and shrubs. Here I am the only flower, dearly prized and exclusively honored. Must I not therefore do my best for those who entertain me so tenderly?"

Lamia will not concede to roses the place of primacy I claim for them, and puts in a good word for the white pinks



that are now in their midsummer beauty. The whole of the north border is edged with them ; and thus there is

A running ribbon of perfumèd snow,  
Which the hot sun is melting rapidly,

a foot wide, and between fifty and sixty yards in length. They are only the old-fashioned white pinks, but they are far more sweet-scented than their pretentious successors, for which it is easy to find room elsewhere ; and, after sundown, they follow one's footsteps with their penetrating fragrance. They last in full beauty for a whole month ; and, even when their withered heads have to be clipped off with the shears, their silvery foliage still makes a delicately effective edging. Behind them, English, Spanish, and German irises are competing with each other, though these last flowered a little earlier than the others. I do not pretend to grow the more delicate irises, nor can I boast of the recently imported beautiful, flat Japanese irises. Irises like to be dry in winter and moist in spring and early summer ; and that is a combination of conditions not easily contrived in England, and is quite beyond my resources. Veronica thinks it is due to my incapacity, for she is so accustomed to bend the inorganic to her will indoors, that she imagines the organic and the living can be made equally pliable. Ever since she saw the *Iris Susiana* flowering faultlessly on stalks nearly three feet high near Florence, she has wondered why she does not find them in the garden that I love. But I have watched them growing in English gardens more favorable to the iris than mine, and they were but doleful specimens of a gorgeous tribe. A garden is not a collection of curios. It is for the most vigorous, the most lovely, and the most fragrant flowers, that room should be found ; and many of these demand, for the full display of their charms, that the atmosphere should be seen all round them, and that they should not be too much elbowed by their neighbors. It is, perhaps, a little incautious to say this, for it may be pressed into the de-

LIVING AGE. VOL. I. 15

fence of those terrible villa borders, where every plant is a specimen, is duly staked and tied and trained, and they all stand at stated and goodly intervals from each other. I pray you avoid it. But, if you run into the opposite extreme, and crowd certain herbaceous plants overmuch, you curtail their growth and their grace, and incur the risk of losing them altogether. I am greatly interested in seeing the result of a new border I have made in the extreme north angle of the garden, and which Veronica has christened Poet's Corner—I believe she will in time label every nook and walk with his name—because, before I made the border, it was a favorite resort of his when the wind was in the east, and he wanted to read in the open air and yet be snug and warm. There are two walls, at right angles to each other, neither of them more than thirty feet long. Both are old ; one of them is of grey stone, the other of red brick. Against them, and therefore hiding them completely, were some tall but rather scrubby laurels, the favorite nesting-place of the blackbirds.

The laurels were cut down and stub-grubbed, and the roots, branches, and leaves all burnt in a heap, whereby I provided myself with a certain amount of wood-ash. The ground on which they had been growing proved to be as bad as it well could be ; so out it came to the depth of three feet. Broken bricks, mortar waste, and accumulated dry rubbish of all kinds, even to battered tin cases and empty blacking-bottles, were thrown in, inexpressibly to the delight of Veronica, who thus saw disorder disappear and buried out of sight, and pound and shed cleared of their abominations and made clean and sweet again. Effectual drainage was thus secured. On the top of this I placed a layer of half-rotted emmet-casts, so as to keep the drainage fairly open. The superincumbent soil is a mixture of loam, stable manure, leaf mould, river sand, and burnt vegetable matter ; and if herbaceous things, and bulbs as well, do not flourish in quite lordly fashion in this compost, the con-

nection between cause and consequence must have been severed. At any rate, *Gaillardia Grandiflora*, *Helenium Pumilum*, *Funkia* or plantain lily, *Telekia*, *Eryngium Amethystinum*, the hardy *Plumbago*—such a dear little cerulean flower, growing among seemingly discolored leaves!—*Centaurea Macrocephala*, *Trollius Europæus*, will have a fair chance of distinguishing themselves; and, to judge by their present appearance, they are going to do so. Behind them, and either trained against the wall, or standing in relief against it, are *Kerryia*, both single and double, *Forsythia*, *Buddleia*, *Pyræanthus*, *Pyrus Japonica*, *Ceanothus*, white and lavender-colored clematis, and one or two tea-roses, among them the dainty *Marie van Houtte*. Where the walls meet, they rise into the air like two waves that form a double crest; and up their joint buttress I am growing a *Clematis Montana*, with a sort of suspicion that it will end by running all along the top of the wall. When it does so, its white supramural band will be a worthy rival of the white pinks, and will flower even before them. I have not exhausted the list of herbaceous things in the border; and in front of them are daffodils, irises, lilies, among them Saint Bernard and Saint Bruno, which the Italian devotional painters are so fond of introducing into their pictures. Their Latin names are *Liliago* and *Lilium*. The border is six feet wide, and is edged by a narrow row of rough stones, along the rim of which, next spring, shall flower *Cyclamen Coum*, *Chionodoxa Lucilæ*, *Scylla Siberica*, *Leucojum Vernum* or spring snowflake, crocuses, snowdrops, London pride, and many a stonecrop, saxifrage, and sedum.

Veronica and I often say we wish we could look once more, just for a moment, on the little narrow sward in front of the house, as we saw it that day when old Father Time was mowing the neglected grass. But sudden transformation scenes are to be witnessed only in pantomimes, and Nature permits things out-of-doors to change so gradually that one is prevented from

obtaining a sharp and definite apprehension of the difference between the present and the remoter past. I came comparatively a novice to the trade, and began with no arrested set of dogmas concerning the making of a garden. Accordingly, I educated myself on my mistakes, planting trees, designing borders, and arranging groups of beds, in utterly wrong fashion. Is it not much better, and certainly it is far more interesting, thus to pass through ignorance into knowledge, rather than to put oneself a passive spectator into the hands of a professional gardener, whether of the formal or of the landscape school? No one can rightly call his garden his own, unless he himself made it. The Poet, too, has a garden, and one by no means to be disdained; and Veronica told me that when, the other day, some tactless person asked him which of his works he likes best, he replied, "My garden." I think if I had written his poems, and were asked that question, I should make the same reply. A garden that one makes oneself becomes associated with one's personal history and that of one's friends, interwoven with one's tastes, preferences, and character, and constitutes a sort of unwritten, but withal manifest, autobiography. Show me your garden, provided it be your own, and I will tell you what you are like. It is in middle life that the finishing touches should be put to it; and then, after that, it remains more or less in the same condition, like oneself, growing more deep in shade, and more protected from the winds.

I am well aware that, according to orthodox notions, against which I have not a word to say, the approach to a house in the country should not be through the garden, but on the other and northern side of the dwelling, so that seclusion should not be invaded by carriage-wheels, and you may be able to say "Not at home" without incurring suspicion of inhospitality or unfriendliness. But we are humble folk, with a home which, if beautiful is unpretentious, and when you drive through the orchard-walk to see us,

you come on the front door, standing wide open, on the dining-room and drawing-room windows, and on that cascade of foam-white roses I lately spoke of, so that you see the whole charm of the greater portion of the garden at once; north border, south border, the front of the house, the lawn, the tennis-garden, the oak, the orchard; only the South Enclosure, Poet's Walk, and, of course, the little walled garden behind the older part of the manor, being withheld from your view. There are seventeen beds on the lawn, and there is a wide border of flowers under the dining-room and drawing-room windows. But the beds on the lawn are not congregated close together, as in a terraced or strictly formal garden. They lie upon the lawn, some of them being at considerable distance from each other, but none of them losing touch, so to speak, of the rest; and, if one of them even were removed, the entire harmony or balance would be destroyed. In the centre of the lawn are two crescent-shaped beds of rhododendrons, enclosing in their curve, but with a circle of grass between them, a round bed whose chief glory are two well-established and profusely flowering *Clematis Jackmannii*, clambering up rough pine-stems. Of the seventeen beds, twelve are what I may call permanent beds, containing either herbaceous plants eked out in spring with bulbs and in summer and autumn with annuals, or tea-roses and their carpet of violas. These last are four in number, and run round the edge of the gravel curve immediately in front of the house two and two, with a non-permanent star-shaped bed between them. There are only five beds not thus disposed of; but I dwell on them because they provide for me the solution of a controversy about which so much has been said and written. In spring, as I have said, they contain tulips and forget-me-not. But in summer they are reserved for and dedicated — yes — to geraniums, iresine, white-leaved centaurea, ageratum, and even sometimes to calceolarias, geraniums, and lobelia.

No one can admire less than I do a so-called garden — for a garden it is not — surrendered wholly to symmetrical lines or groups of color; and I once nearly banished them from the garden that I love. But careful experience showed me that they serve as an invaluable foil to the other and more numerous beds I have called permanent, and whose flowers soar irregularly into the air, and which are orderly without being prim or trim. I have a great liking for the strong-growing cannæ; and this year I have a couple of beds which Veronica declares are already most successful, and which will look much more luxurious a month hence, and will continue in that condition till supervenes the first sharp frost. The beds are parallelograms, twelve feet by eight. In their centre are the cannæ, liberally manured and copiously watered. Outside them are rows of scarlet zinnias, and outside these grows variegated maize, green and white. The bed is edged with the dwarf profusely flowering yellow zinnia. There is nothing formal about these beds, any more than there is in the neighboring ones, where larkspur, evening primroses, ribbon grass or gardeners' garters, phloxes, fuchsias, everlastings, blue cornflowers, annual gaillardias, clarkias, lupines, dahlias, sweet-williams, pinks, and mignonette, fight it out among themselves as to which shall have the lion's share of the space. But these carelessly ordered and high-growing flowers would not be a hundredth part so effective as they are, were it not for the contrast afforded by the beds of regular and low-lying plants in their vicinity. Have I said, before, that exclusiveness in a garden is a mistake as great as it is in society? If I have, may I say it again, for it is an important truth that needs to be reiterated. Moreover, it will sometimes happen that, towards the beginning of October, if not before, the more rampant flowers, having nearly outbloomed themselves, begin to wane; and then the lingering bloom of the less beautiful bedded-out things come as a sort of compensation, and prolongs the life of

the garden, and even of the summer. And then their extremely brilliant hues suit the natural mood of autumn,

The last still loveliest till 'tis gone, and all is grey.

"It is all very well," said Lamia, "to prate of your beds and your borders, your perpetuals and your annuals, your tea-roses and your pæonies; but I shall never believe in you till you turn your little walled kitchen-garden into a real pleasure, intersect it with box edgings and paths of broken brick, grow rosemary, rue, lavender, old-fashioned heartsease, little China-roses, and dwarf fuchsias, in rectangular beds, have a sun-dial in the centre with a sage apophthegm in a dead language inscribed on it, educate a peacock to strut slowly along the coping of the wall, and induce Veronica to let her maids lean out of those fascinating windows in mob-caps and puffed aprons. To Jericho with your Jerusalem artichokes, your early strawberries, and your sybaritic asparagus. Grub up your Walburton Admirable, your Kirke's Blue, and your Louise Bonne, and let hollyhock and sunflower use the old red bricks for background."

"Dear Lamia," I replied, "why do you probe an ever open wound? I shall not die in peace unless I fulfil that dream. The place is made for it, and I plan it over and over again, day and night, night and day. But what would Veronica say? Already she protests against the narrow space dedicated to potato and onion, to cos lettuce and to curly kale, and declares she is ashamed sometimes of the paucity of our winter vegetables. Moreover, she bewails, not without some justification, my lavishness on the garden that I love, and she knows perfectly well, as I do myself, that the sun-dial and the peacock project would mean another gardener, to say nothing of the incidental making of kitchen-garden ground elsewhere."

"What cowards men are!" murmured my companion. "Veronica might be your wife, instead of your sister."

"Are you calculating," I asked, "on intimidating your husband? Do not make too sure of that. And then, you see, Veronica is very good about it, for I have flowers along all the kitchen-garden walks, in the copse garden as well as in the walled garden; and if you will go and look you will see sunflowers and hollyhocks coming up there in various places to bloom in September. Those white sweet-peas you are wearing, and that become you so admirably, were plucked where the sun-dial haply might stand; and scarlet-runners, later on will diversify the sober utility of cauliflower and parsnip. Life, Lamia, is a lesson in compromise; and we are never further from being satisfied than when we have got all we want. That unattainable peacock is perhaps the surest guarantee of my content."

"I shall never stir you into insurrection," she said. "You are as bad as the Poet."

She had been led to return to an old subject, I discovered later in the day, by the perusal of a volume she had brought with her, and which professed to give both sides of the question between the advocates of landscape gardening and the champions of the formal garden. She had it in her hand again, when, after dinner, we betook ourselves to a spot I have not described, but where, in the warm summer days I always find our guests pass much of their time. Almost adjoining the house, and nearly in a line with it, is a long, substantial shed, in which in the old days the cattle must have been stalled during the winter months. On the side towards the yard it is faced with rough, strong match-boarding; but, on the garden side, fortunately, it is of stone. Both sides are now well covered with Irish ivy; and on the gravel path which winds along its garden side, stand six umbrageous lime-trees. But, to Veronica's eternal honor, for the scheme was mainly hers, all the old cattle stalls were taken out and used for firewood; and, being of ancient, hard, and thoroughly seasoned oak, they warmed us for nearly one

winter through. She then summoned the village carpenter, lined the whole of the inside with pitch-pine, which was duly and daintily varnished; made a window here, and a skylight in the old red tiles there, and then constructed for us an outdoor smoking-room, the upper part of which is well stocked with bookshelves, and—final and greatest triumph of all—provided me with a spacious summer bedroom, which, from the first of May to the 31st of October, is the delight of my existence. We thus acquired additional room for summer hospitality indoors; and my outdoor sleeping chamber is so arranged that, in the daytime, it presents the aspect of an unostentatiously furnished sitting-room. The Poet greatly envies me this *succursale*, as well he may; for, were it his, he would be able to consort with the moon, the stars, the dawn, the sunrise, as he listed. Out of the capacious shed there still remained space enough for a box-room—I am not sure that the obtaining of this much-prized convenience was not the *idée mère* of Veronica's entire project—an apple-loft, and a recess for storing coals when they are at summer prices, whereby we avoid coming between the hammer and anvil of capital and labor, when the latter strikes or the former locks out.

Under the limes, which are flowering for the first time, last night after dinner we all repaired, and found a brightly burning princess lamp—Veronica prides herself on her lamps, which certainly outshine and are more numerous than any I know elsewhere—on a wicker-table outside the smoking-room, and four garden-chairs, awaiting us. The thermometer had, in the daytime, been seventy in the shade; the air was warm, dry, and balmy; and the round midsummer moon was just getting clear of the wych-elms in the north-east meadow. It only needed the aroma of coffee, which was soon forthcoming, and the fragrance of the cigarette, which the Poet shortly lighted, to establish among us a sense of perfect peace.

But peace is not what Lamia invariably loves; and I suspect she imagined she had brought with her torch and sword in the shape of the volume from which she began to read a controversial and most acrid passage.

"The Battle of the Gardens," said the Poet. "That seems not quite as it should be. The serpent of discord should surely be kept out of our modern Edens. And might not one say to the champions of this discussion, as in the dispute about the color of the chameleon, 'You both are right, and both are wrong.' Must not the character of a garden depend in great measure on the size and style of the house it adjoins, on the extent and character of the ground out of which it is to be made, on the trees and vegetation in its vicinity?"

"I should have thought so," I humbly pleaded. "Had I designed an absolutely formal garden where this one now stands, I think I should have shown a complete insensibility to art as well as to nature. Lamia has just quoted from a gentleman who says that a garden should be separated from the adjacent country by a clear boundary-line, a good high wall for choice. Surely this is the narrowest and most pernicious dogmatism, that could have proceeded only from the mind of an architect whose motto is, 'Nothing like bricks and mortar.'"

I paused, for I wanted the Poet to talk; but he was good enough to say:—

"Tell me, will you, what governed you in the laying-out of the garden that you love?"

"What governed me was what I found here: the house, its time-consecrated architecture, its immovable boundaries, the old oak, and not it only, but all the ineradicable old timber within sight, the park, and finally, when all these were allowed for, the general fitness of things. I am quite of opinion that a garden should look as though it belonged to the house, and the house as though it were conscious of and approved the garden. In passing from one to the other, one should



experience no sense of discord, but the sensations produced by the one should be continued, with a delicate difference, by the other. Terraces and balustrades, box edgings or yew hedges, anything obviously and intentionally formal, which is imperative in the case of certain stately dwelling-houses, would certainly have been out of place here. Near to the house, the garden, you will have observed, is more formal and shapely, and you never, I trust, altogether lose vague evidences of design. But absolutely symmetrical it is not, though a careless observer might imagine it to be so; and it gradually assumes a less definite and disciplined air as it gets nearer to the tract of orchard, meadow, and park, to which it is sunnily open, and which it commands. Thus I have obtained, I think, a certain sense of spontaneous seclusion without wholly shutting myself in, or wholly shutting out everybody or everything else. Of course, there are nooks of perfect shelter, as Goldsmith said, for whispering lovers made; and the South Enclosure curves and winds as it chooses, as though there were no other curve or line in the world. Poet's Walk comes on you as a surprise; and, when you think you have seen everything, you suddenly discover the copse kitchen-garden, which I confess contains fully as many flowers as vegetables, and conducts to an orchard whose existence you had not surmised."

I paused again, for I really was ashamed of having spoken so long and so inadequately. I could see Veronica thought it a very poor performance, and the critical expression faded from her face only as the Poet considerably came to my rescue.

"If there be any association in analogy," he said, "between your art and mine, and I cannot but believe that all the arts are kindred, and that a strong family likeness exists among them, you are altogether right. I have read that volume, and find it exceedingly suggestive; the answer to it, where I think it mistaken, being supplied by canons of literary composition. There

are some gardens, like some poems, which, from the very nature of the case, must be absolutely formal, unless they are to disappoint. The poetry of which Pope is the chief representative and the most consummate master, is absolutely formal, as becomes its subject, which is nearly always social, and the treatment of which is therefore stately and precise. I can scarcely conceive the 'Essay on Man,' or the 'Moral Essays,' being written in any other metre. Wordsworth, a poet of immeasurably higher and deeper imagination than Pope, elected to treat kindred subjects, as we all know to our sorrow, in a looser and less formal fashion, in other words, in illimitable blank verse, in 'The Excursion.' I should call that a glaring instance of infelicitous landscape gardening, though, of course, as must always be the case where Nature is left a more or less free hand, you come upon lovely bits and fascinating vistas. There are perhaps finer things in 'The Excursion' than in the 'Essay on Man;' but, taken as a whole, the first is tiresome, and the second is not. The design of 'The Excursion' is a mistake, in so far as there is design at all. The design of the 'Essay on Man' is appropriate, and the work, therefore, is successful."

"But surely you do not prefer Pope to Wordsworth?" exclaimed Lamia.

"Let us say as little as possible," he replied, "about our personal preferences, for they do not assist criticism, either on poems or on gardens. Chatsworth is Chatsworth, and a cottage is a cottage; and though I might be disposed to say 'Give me the cottage' —"

"O, but I should not," interrupted Lamia.

"That would scarcely settle the question. But remember it helps us to be tolerant in our tastes, and to see there is room in this world for idyllic gardens, for lyrical gardens, even for didactic gardens, where, at every step, your mind seems to be improved, even if your heart be not touched. In Italy I have seen tragic gardens —"



"And I," said Lamia, "have seen comic ones in England."

"Tragic gardens," continued the Poet, "with dark avenues of inter-twisted ilexes immeasurably old, where there might be lurking the emissary of an ambitious D'Este; gloomy labyrinths of mediæval yew concealing the panther spring of a vindictive Sforza, or the self-handled stiletto of a fratricidal Borgia; broad, stately steps, and open-air staircases of cold-blooded marble, leading to sombre conclaves of silent cypresses, where Paolo Malatesta and the fair daughter of Guido da Polenta that day read no further on, but dallied to their doom. Where these things have happened, why should not the garden be as tragic as 'Othello' or as 'Romeo and Juliet'? The idyllic garden would be out of place there, just as would-be dramatic gardens ill consort with peaceful England, and so fail to produce their proper effect."

"You spoke of lyrical gardens," said Lamia. "But may not lyrics be either regular or irregular?"

"They may," he replied; "but it takes a consummate artist to compose an irregular lyric; and that is why landscape gardeners have so often come to unutterable grief. In striving to be natural they have ended by being meaningless. Nature is a stupendous artist, but she conceals her design, and man is sorely puzzled when he tries to imitate her. Let him write his own works, and plan his own gardens. Man is designed to design; and he cannot avoid endeavoring to reproduce, externally, the proportion and harmony which are the very essence of his own organism, and which permit of his existence. But I agree with our host that the best garden, like the best poem, is a formal one, in which, unless you give yourself some troubles to discover it, you will not perceive the form. Nothing living is absolutely symmetrical, and a garden should be alive."

To the Poet's dictum there followed the silence of assent, which seemed, moreover, adequately filled by the moonlight filtered through the lime-leaves. When at length there slowly

supervened a craving for human speech, Lamia tenderly caressed Veronica's guitar, and satisfied our longing with the following strain:—

I.

Had I a garden, it should lie  
All open to the sun,  
And after bird and butterfly  
Children should romp and run;  
Should fill their little laps with flowers,  
The air with shout and song,  
And golden-crests in guelder bowers  
Ripple the whole day long.

II.

Had I a garden, alleys green  
Should lead where none would guess  
Save lovers, to exchange, unseen,  
Shy whisper and caress.  
For them the nightingale should sing  
Long after it was June,  
And they should kiss and deem it Spring,  
Under the harvest moon.

III.

Had I a garden, claustral yews  
Should shut out railing wind,  
That poets might on sadness muse  
With a majestic mind;  
With ear attuned and godlike gaze  
Scan Heaven and fathom Hell,  
Then through life's labyrinthine maze  
Chant to us, "All is well!"

IV.

Had I a garden, it should grow  
Shelter where feeble feet  
Might loiter long, or wander slow,  
And deem decadence sweet;  
Pausing, might ponder on the past,  
Vague twilight in their eyes,  
Wane calmer, comelier, to the last,  
Then die, as Autumn dies.

"How came you in possession of those lines?" asked the Poet, in a tone of manifest reproach.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth," replied Lamia, rising; "I found them under your chamber window."

I followed her into the open moonlight, leaving Veronica and the Poet seated by the lamp under the limes. As we neared the North Border, I recited

Quivi è la rosa . . .

. . . quivi son li gigli,

Al cui odor si prese il buon cammino.

But Lamia, as if heeding me not, exclaimed:—

"O how delicious is the scent of those pinks! Your garden has all the Poet says his should have, and more."

"And yet," I added, "it does not satisfy you."

"What does?" she answered. "It is not always June, always moonlight, always fragrant, nor is one always just upon the edge of one's desire. One is either remote from it, or one topples over. Yet I want that garden, the one I told you of—without the owner of it."

"Dear Lamia," I observed, "do you remember what Socrates said,—that the gods sell all things, at a price? So, apparently, do the goddesses. But some of them ask too much."

ALFRED AUSTIN.

---

From *The Leisure Hour*.  
TWO EPISODES IN A COWARD'S LIFE.

"You blame me that I ran away?  
Why, sir, the enemy advanced;  
Balls flew about, and who can say  
But one, if I stood firm had glanced  
In my direction. Cowardice?"

BROWNING.

"Is not physical courage the commonest attribute of man, and has it not been possessed by the most vulgar natures? Why, then, is it always spoken of with admiration, and wherefore the frequent use of those tiresome adjectives, 'brave,' 'valiant'—and their antitheses 'vile,' 'cowardly'? Are not the savage races brave? Are not lions and tigers and bulldogs brave? Why, then, is the exceptional man despised who happens to be wanting in this animal courage? Is it not an unjust prejudice?"

These questions were addressed to me by an interesting Italian whom I had known for some time in a university town, and whom I now found was my travelling-companion, by chance, in a little rickety carriage which conveyed us from one village to another in the Tuscan Apennines. I was in search of a summer residence for myself and my relatives in some quiet, cool spot, with wood, water, and the necessities

of life. Milk being one of our modest requirements, I wished to find a village that was the happy possessor of a cow, or at least a goat. As the Tuscan mountaineers can live very well without milk or butter, this was not so easy to accomplish as might be supposed, especially in that barren region which I was traversing. From one village to another there are vast stretches of rocky mountain where you never meet a cottage, a man, or an animal. The interesting commune of Pienza, with its gardens of fig-trees, olives, and vines, and its grand old castle which had belonged to Pope Piccolomini, was an oasis in the desert. I stopped at the little hotel, and asked for coffee and milk in the morning.

"Milk!" exclaimed the hostess, with a look of consternation, and retreated without another word. After a while she returned, determined to face the difficulty boldly. She assured me she had the most earnest desire to serve me, but what I asked was an impossibility.

"Imagine, if I could procure the milk of hens for you, would I not do it!" she added, with an air of the utmost devotion.

"Oh, I did not know I had asked for anything very unreasonable," I apologized; and I called for my driver, a simple, good old soul, with a capital little horse which, he said, "loved him like a Christian."

We descended the excellent road to the next village with great rapidity, in the early, cool morning, and paused for a little rest and refreshment at the inn. There was no cow at St. Quirico, and as it was sadly wanting in trees I resolved to proceed at once on my way. Just as I was about to set out, the host asked me, as a favor, to permit another traveller to share the carriage as far as the nearest railway station, as he had missed the post-car. I agreed; and on going out, I found in my fellow-traveller the acquaintance already mentioned.

Signor Guerrieri was an old young man—that is to say, he was about

forty years of age; but as he was a bachelor whose hair was still untinged with grey, and he had preserved his slender outline of figure, he was called by courtesy a *giovannotto*. He was a man who led a quiet, retired life, fulfilling with punctilious regularity his duties in a government office, taking his evening walks on lonely roads, haunting the public library in spare hours, and rarely seen at club or café. My people and I had met him occasionally at a professor's house, and we had exchanged the courtesy of lending books—establishing a sort of international library, so to speak, which was a pleasant arrangement for both parties. It is more than twenty years ago, the time I speak of. Italy was fresh to me and I was eager to learn about it. On the other hand, our new acquaintance had a great admiration for England, and a passion for English literature. When introduced to a new book and told it was worth perusal, his eye brightened and he showed unusual animation. But he was not an indiscriminate lover of books. He had a fine literary acumen, and would have made an admirable critic if he had had ambition enough to write. His face had the delicate pallor, the refined look, which "low living and high thinking" bespeak. He had a fine brow, rather high than broad, intelligent, soft brown eyes, and a characterless nose. Though he dressed well and had a good library, he was said to be very poor. His mother had died the year before, and he lived alone with her old servant, who ministered to his wants. I never was inside his house, so I do not know whether he divided his small income into separate piles for the different items in housekeeping, as we read of so many poor celebrities doing. I never could understand why that division made the money go farther; and still less could I see the object of leaving these little piles confidingly on the mantelpiece, instead of locking them in a cash-box. But that is neither here nor there.

My acquaintance with Signor Guer-

rieri was, as I have said, casual; but his appreciation of our great men predisposed me in favor of this intelligent foreigner. If he had been wanting in this appreciation, I should hardly have considered him intelligent. I was therefore not ill-pleased when, instead of a stranger, I met him standing outside the inn door in the narrow, steep street of St. Quirico, ready to hand me into the carriage. The June sun was already high in the blue vault, but the air of those mountains is pure and exhilarating in an extraordinary degree, and the heat did not inconvenience us. The aspect of the country presented no feature of interest, so the conversation flowed without interruption.

"You think these places inhospitable," he said, "but they were much worse twenty years ago, and worse in the Roman provinces than in Tuscany."

"So I conclude by what I have read. Especially was I struck by Massimo d'Azeglio's graphic descriptions in his 'Ricordi' of the primitive state of village society which he met when travelling about trying to work up the spirit of nationality. I am interested in all the makers of Italy, but Azeglio is a special cult of mine. Did you ever meet him?"

"Yes, I knew him," replied the Italian. "Your opinion of him is just. He had a rare combination of qualities and accomplishments."

"Tell me more about him," I entreated, settling myself to listen as comfortably as the rickety trap would allow. My companion talked on, relating anecdotes personal and historical.

"It was hard," he said, "for a literary man and an artist to take to soldiering at fifty; but he acquitted himself well in that line also."

"In 1848? I have been reading lately, in his letters, of his indignation with a few volunteers who showed the white feather in that campaign. They were very few, for the majority behaved with great courage and constancy."

My travelling-companion was silent

for a brief space after I said this ; and I knew so little of what was going on in his mind that I feared I had hurt his national pride by alluding to the runaway recruits in the pontifical army in 1848. It seemed as if my remark had suggested some philosophical reflections for he began the series of questions with which I have opened this little narrative : —

“Is not physical courage the commonest attribute of man, and possessed by the most vulgar natures, etc. ?”

I have heard that the late M. Renan, when he heard any proposition from which he strongly dissented, began in a conciliatory manner with “*Vous avez raison, mille fois,*” and then by degrees gently insinuated his objections. Imitating this example, I nodded an assent to each one of the interrogatories till he came to the last : —

“Is it not an unjust prejudice ?”

“It may be so,” I replied ; “but what would you have ? We cannot legislate for exceptions. Man is born a selfish little animal enough, and if his elders did not teach him to be brave and to run some risks for others, he would become a shameless egotist, and abandon mother, sister, or friend, in a moment of danger. Besides, courage can be cultivated ; one can conquer fears and tremors — which, though I am only a woman, I know by experience. You will find in Emerson’s ‘*Essay on Prudence*’ this advice to a young person : ‘Always do the thing you are afraid of doing.’”

“What you say, signorina, is true — most true,” conceded the Italian. “The general principle is excellent. But there are exceptional natures who are *not* selfish, and who may have courage to face all the ills of life — as women so often have — but, taken by surprise on the field, are overcome by the thundering roar of shot and shell, or the sight of blood. It is a weakness of the nerves. Would you call such a one by the name of *coward* ?”

“I do not like hard names, signore, and I do not doubt there are a few men who succumb to mere physical weakness, not from moral cowardice, and

such should be held blameless as individuals.”

“Your remarks and the mention of Massimo d’Azeglio have brought to my mind the story of a young fellow I knew well, who came to grief in the ’48 campaign. It is twenty years ago, and I remember it all as if it had been last week. Do you care, signorina, to hear the story of this poor recruit ?”

“Yes, certainly.”

“Gualtiero was nineteen, and a student of the university of Bologna. The Bologna students were, almost to a man, patriots, and many of them affiliated with some secret society. Gualtiero, while sharing to the full their aspirations for liberty, refused to be a member of those societies because of their murderous code, which obliged them to execute any man suspected of betraying a secret. To kill a man in cold blood, even though a spy, was what he could not bring himself to do ; but he would not mind burning a cardinal’s palace, if necessary, in order to stir the papal government up to declare war against Austria. He arrived in Rome in the spring of ’48, when Pope Pius IX. had almost passed the zenith of his glory and had begun to totter towards his downfall. He was still loved by his people, but they were enraged against his ministers for keeping him back from war. Massimo d’Azeglio, Minghetti, and other leaders of the Moderate Liberals, were trying to force him on to commit himself to the war, and trying to calm the turbulent populace at the same time. To the pope and his ministers, the Liberals said the people would not any longer be trifled with ; there would be a terrible revolution if war was not speedily declared ; let the government think of the responsibility of the position. To the Romans, they preached one never-changing sermon : ‘*Pazienza ! pazienza !*’ All would go well ; we must not try to force the hand of the holy father, who had his own wise reasons for delay ; we must not compromise him either by rashness or an appearance of disorder. It would ruin

our cause at home and abroad with the Catholic princes. He was the most patriotic of sovereigns, and would gratify all our desires. Had he not blessed our banners and the Italian cause in the face of the world? Did we want a proof that he loved Italy? Austria hated and insulted him — was not that enough?

"The pope was in truth a good man, and his very human weaknesses would not have been conspicuous had he not been set upon a throne so unique, and so beset with difficulties. To show how he was regarded by his brother cardinals, here is an instance. On the day before the papal election, when all were assembled at the Vatican, one of these said to another, 'If the Holy Spirit enters into it, it will be Mastai; if the devil puts his tail across it, it will be you or me.'

"He had a boundless, childlike faith in things generally discarded now by intelligent Catholics. At the sight of a comet in the sky, he made all his ministers assembled in council kneel with him while he prayed that the evil of which this was an omen might be averted. When he found the lost head of St. Andrew, he illuminated all Rome, and had extraordinary processions and ceremonies; and this at the most terribly critical moment, when a great national war was pending. Still the people believed in that benevolent, handsome face, and kind smile; and their faith in him and his good intentions stayed many a hand from violence. In a street fight, when knives were drawn, somebody said, 'Take care, you will grieve Pio Nono.' And the magic word was enough to make the combatants cease from strife. It was a wonderful influence that he wielded, and one cannot but regret that he did not know how to use it better in his own interest and that of his people. But Italy has been liberated without Pio Nono, and so all is well.

"In those days Gualtiero and I, fierce republicans of Bologna, were also adorers of Pio Nono. But then we hated Lambruschini, his minister

— we marched with the other boiling spirits through the streets and squares, threatening to burn the cardinals' palaces, crying, 'Viva Pio Nono solo! Morte al Lambruschini! Guerra all' Austria!'

"When at last the nobilization of the army was decreed by the new Liberal ministry, Gualtiero hastened, like the rest of the young patriots, to enroll himself in Azeglio's volunteers. And here I may mention that there were some whose cries for war had been blatant in the *circoli* who retired into their shells and remained quiet when the order to march was given. Not so Gualtiero. He was thrilled with a delightful enthusiasm that was contagious, and we all felt, as Minghetti said, that to face any peril for Italy — exile, imprisonment, death — would be to earn a martyr's crown. The pontifical troops were hurried off without proper provision for their wants, for the Liberal leaders feared a reaction in the mind of the vacillating pope. Consequently, they had to make frequent halts, and suffered not a little privation and hardship. Gualtiero was happy and cheerful under every trial. As sentry he would freeze all night uncomplainingly, he endured long marches in torrents of rain, he gaily bivouacked on the cold, wet sod, after collecting wood and making fires for the company, and kept up the spirits of his comrades by singing patriotic songs. When he started in his rich baritone, —

Fratelli d' Italia,  
Italia si desta,

every heart warmed and every voice joined in a chorus.

"It pleased our officers — in fact nothing pleased them so well as our enthusiasm. For had they not said that Italy needed no regular army — Italy would liberate herself with enthusiasm! It is true that our general, Durando, and other Piedmontese officers would have liked more time for training the raw material, remembering that they had to meet an admirably disciplined army under one of the ablest commanders in Europe. But they

counted much on the conjunction of our troops with the army of King Charles Albert. In the mean time, the number of our volunteers increased daily. The fresher and rarer the recruits, the more burning impatience they felt to get at the Tedeschi, and receive the baptism of blood. What rage filled our souls when we received news of the cruel outrages of the Croats in the Venetian provinces, where they burned several villages. And our general was forbidden by the pope to advance to the rescue of our brothers! All this time the Piedmontese were fighting for Lombardy and driving back the enemy from point to point.

"At length the pope was induced to put his troops under the command of the Piedmontese king. At last we crossed the papal frontier and advanced into what was, for practical purposes, the enemy's country. Oh, the wild joy of the moment when we knew that the enemy, hated and longed for, was close at hand; and that we had now to say our last words to our best friend, shoulder our musket, and form in line! Colonel Azeglio, who was indefatigable in laboring for the well-being of the men and the success of the great enterprise, addressed a few soul-stirring words to us:—

"My sons, the long-sighed-for moment has arrived when your desire to vindicate Italy's wrongs will be gratified. Show yourselves in deeds what your words have proclaimed you—true sons of Italy and faithful children of your sovereign pontiff, who has given us the privilege of making his cause and Italy's one. Remember that cause is the most sacred cause on earth. Let the cross on your breast give you courage to face the cruel oppressors of our country."

"Before the word *patria* had died on the colonel's lips, the cry arose from every throat: 'Viva! Italia! Fuori i barbari! Libertà o morte!'

"Gualtiero's eyes glowed, and his bosom heaved with such excessive emotion that the cry died in his throat.

When at last the white uniform and glistening arms of the Austrians hove in sight, coming up slightly rising ground, his heart gave a great bound as if it would break through his ribs; his breath stopped. Was it a transport of joy and triumph that shook his frame? He did not know; the power of thought seemed suspended for some minutes. The order to fire was given. Mechanically he obeyed like the rest. The volley was quickly returned with interest by the Austrians, dealing havoc among the ranks of the Italians. The fumes of the powder and the rattle of the musketry close to him sent a cold shiver down the spine of the Romagnol recruit, which seemed to paralyze his will. The musket fell from his nerveless grasp, and as he bent in a dazed state to pick it up, his eye fell on a comrade gasping on the earth, clutching the grass with one hand, while the other, severed from the arm, lay near, the bleeding stump waving to and fro in the air. The sight left Gualtiero's eyes, his brain reeled, and he fell insensible across the body of his wounded comrade.

"The Italians had been victorious in this encounter, and had taken prisoners, ammunition, and provisions. Gualtiero returned to consciousness on a camp-bed in a hospital where surgeons, sisters of mercy, and priests were bustling about attending to the wounded.

"It is a cause worth suffering for, worth dying for, my dear boy. You have paid your debt to Italy. I am grieved at the loss of your hand, but —"

"It was Colonel Azeglio's tall, gaunt figure and Roman nose which Gualtiero saw in profile, standing by his neighbor's bed (a youth of twenty) trying to comfort him in his suffering.

"Oh, I have still another!" replied the youth cheerfully.

"Gualtiero groaned. He felt on a moral rack, compared to which any physical suffering would be welcome. Why had the Austrian balls not hit him and in mercy carried off a limb? But, alas! he lay there in the prime of youth, whole and sound.

"Dio mio! not a scratch!" he



moaned inwardly, while the cold perspiration broke on his forehead. 'Ah, faint-hearted craven, what now will be thy fate?'

"He envied his comrade as the tall colonel released his one hand from the kind pressure, with a smile of paternal tenderness on his lip and a tear in his clear blue eye—a weakness which heroism is apt to call forth in heroic natures.

"And where are you hurt, my brave?" His voice was full of sympathy.

"Gualtiero turned his face down on the pillow, not daring to reply or meet the gaze of the officer. But the cruel answer was quickly given by a surgeon:—

"He is not hurt at all, colonel. He was picked up by the ambulance, apparently lifeless; but he is either a malingerer, or a coward who fainted at the smell of powder.'

"There was a pause. What would Azeglio think or say? A wild hope shot through the culprit's heart that Azeglio, not being by nature or profession a fighting man, but a calm, philosophic student, dedicated to literature and art, would understand that all men were not exactly alike—that there are idiosyncrasies. But no; Massimo d'Azeglio was a Piedmontese, of a hardy, warlike race, which had claimed independent national life for nine hundred years, and maintained it by the sword. His ancestors were all soldiers. Courage was bred in his blood; he drank it in with his mother's milk. The Romagnols had been crushed and downtrodden by a temporal and spiritual despotism for as many ages as the Piedmontese had been independent. Azeglio felt that it was our long slavery that had demoralized our people; he could forgive them many crimes, but not—not to fail him on the battlefield, in front of the Austrians. All this Gualtiero read in the stern, pale face of the colonel, who had been brought up like a Spartan. There was grief as well as indignation in his countenance.

"Boy, it would have been better for you if a ball had laid you low! The

brand of coward—the reproach of your own conscience for not having stood to your guns in the supreme moment—will be a heavy punishment enough for you. Get you away from our camp as quickly as your nimble legs can carry you. Your example might be mischievous.'

"Thus ignominiously dismissed from the service of *La Patria*, which till now had been the glorious dream of his life, Gualtiero learned the bitter lesson that dreams are difficult to translate into realities—for some, alas! impossible. His anguish at first was intense, and he heartily wished himself under the sod. But time brings a certain amount of balm to the sorest wounds of the spirit. He took to study, which he had always loved, and in the gentle company of his favorite authors he forgot 'the world and its dread laugh.' He learned to think that his unhappy weakness of the spinal cord—which was beyond his control—was not really a moral offence, though the unthinking might so regard it. His mother alone understood his want of pluck. She knew that it was her own anxiety for her husband, who was involved in a secret conspiracy before her son was born, that had reacted upon the child's nervous system; and so she sympathized with him.

"Signorina, what is your verdict on the young volunteer who failed in his duty? Ought he to be court-martialled and shot, or pitied and pardoned?"

"I pity him from my heart," I replied; "but pardoned—if you mean reinstated in the position he first enjoyed—no; that would not be possible; the example would be injurious. It is open to a man of weak nerves to avoid danger, but not to put himself in the forefront of battle and then—'funk.' The man with a creepy spine can slip through life fairly well if he stays at home; but he should not be the only man of a walking party in the country, lest some danger might arise to frighten the women; and when he goes to the theatre or crowded assem-

bly, he ought to sit near the door, lest a cry of fire be raised. He could walk with friends in the park, and go to their houses, without doing any harm."

A smile which it would be difficult to describe — words are always inadequate in describing transitory expression or emotion depicted on the countenance — a smile passed over the thin, delicate face of my travelling-companion. It was a patient, pathetic smile, and yet had a touch of resentment in it. It conveyed to me in some indefinite way that my words were cruel as dagger-thrusts, but that he was accustomed to that species of torture, and could smile under it.

"Just so — exactly so," he assented in his quiet, melodious voice. "You have reason, signorina. Such a person as my volunteer of the creepy spine is beyond the pale of humanity. If he were a real hunchback you would not condemn him; but this is a species of moral hunchback — or so it seems to you — and should not be tolerated. And yet I thought, that, being a woman — for women have an intuitive knowledge of human nature, and quicker sympathies than men — I thought you would have looked with kinder eyes on the delinquent. Society cannot legislate for exceptions, you say; but yet an occasional exception is made for a distinguished person. The great conspirator, Mazzini, fainted at the sight of blood, but that did not diminish his followers' devotion to him, because he was great in intellect. But if a small man has this constitutional weakness, he deserves to be crushed. No? It is useless to deny it; I read it in your face, even without your plainly expressed opinion on the ethics of the case. You pity him? — yes, a small grain of pity with an infinite contempt. It is absurd to try to invest the story of a runaway soldier with a tragic interest, such, for instance, as a conspirator or an outlaw might easily excite. The imagination has often seen something grand and dramatic about a great crime. In times of recollection the murder of a tyrant, a spy, or a traitor, arouses a sympathy

with the perpetrator of the deed. Now, why should a gentle lady feel more kindly toward an assassin (given his after-repentance) than toward a volunteer cursed with a creepy spine, but having the best intentions as far as killing Austrians was concerned? That is an interesting psychological problem. Well, such is life, and we must take it as we find it. Signorina, there is a sequel to my tale, and for the sake of the pity that you feel for my would-be hero, and with the hope of gaining for him a little touch of respect, I shall tell it you, if you care to hear it."

"Pray go on; I am deeply interested."

"Gualtiero had an innamorata — almost all students have — and this girl, Elena, was a fiery patriot. She had not only parted with her ornaments in the name of the cause, as hundreds of our women did, but she even sold her magnificent raven tresses for the same purpose. When he returned to Bologna to his mother's home, he sought his love, to try to justify himself in her eyes. But those beautiful black eyes flashed scorn upon him. He had disgraced his country, himself, and her — his love — and there was no place for repentance. 'Never more be knight of mine,' was the verdict with which he was dismissed from her presence. Needless to say that Elena's injustice made that of the world still harder to bear.

"Ten years passed — ten weary years of contumely, which, though not openly expressed, was none the less evident to the unhappy volunteer. He had learned to bear his burden and live in a certain obscure contentment with his dear mother and his dear books.

"Once more the trumpet sounded, calling all the provinces of Italy to a war of national redemption. It was early in the year 1859 that King Victor Emmanuel spoke the thrilling words that shook the country from end to end: 'I have listened to the cry of anguish which comes to me from all

parts of Italy.' It was a war-note which evoked wild and passionate applause the moment it was sounded. He had waited patiently for this hour; for ten long years he had waited to avenge his father's persecution and overthrow, and to vindicate the right of Italy to her independence; at last he saw the way open to fulfil the vow to liberate Italy which he had made on his father's tomb, and his heart rejoiced. Volunteers from all the principalities flocked to his standard. They loved the king who had promised them a country, who would lead them once more against their foreign oppressors, the hated Austrians. The cry reached the lonely bookworm in his seclusion. Past his study window rolled the sounds which reminded him of his youth's romance; the patriotic songs, the tramp of soldiers marching, the strains of martial music, the ringing cheers of the people for liberty, unity, and Victor Emmanuel. Garibaldi, too, had come from his retirement and offered his services to the soldier-king who was to lead his army in person — unlike the priest-king of '48, Pio Nono, who held them back and balked the enterprise by his vacillation — and the country was in a ferment of excitement.

"What of our recluse? Did all this enthusiasm awake no generous emotion in his soul — was the heart within him dried and withered, like the parchment volumes over which he was so fond of poring?"

"No; though long dormant, his patriotism was not dead; the war-blast had once more called it back to life; but its revival was a pain and anguish to him. Yet he was at a loss to know which he preferred, or, rather, which he disliked most — these throes of returning animation, or the false and hollow peace in which he had so long lulled himself. At first he closed his eyes and his mind against the outside agitation. He would not listen; he would not read the papers. He shut his windows and took his book in hand. But his heart-beats were set to another measure; he could not disguise it from

himself. It was in vain that he called himself a fool, and asked himself if he wanted to court shame and dishonor a second time — now inexcusable — even more inexcusable than formerly; for then he was an ignorant boy, and now he was a man of thirty, and had experience — dearly bought experience. It was in vain. He told his mother he was going on business to Turin, and set out one fine morning with no particular object in view — only to hover round about the mustering columns and be near the seat of war.

"On the day that King Victor Emmanuel was to march out of his capital to the fortress town of Alessandria, where all the troops were to assemble before arranging the plan of campaign, he attended a special service in the cathedral at an early hour; and there Gualtiero found himself with the excited soldiers and citizens who had followed the sovereign and his generals to ask Heaven's blessing on their cause. The warrior-king was in uniform, and knelt, lost in meditation and prayer, a little apart from his train and near the railing which encircled the space allotted to the court, apparently unconscious of all that was going on. In the dim light of the church, he looked to Gualtiero a sort of Charlemagne, invincible in strength and courage. While the organ pealed and the priests chanted and the people came and went, the student reflected on what an awful responsibility this prince had assumed in declaring war against so powerful an enemy, from whom he had suffered such a terrible overthrow ten years before. For the sake of Italy he was about to risk his throne, his dynasty, and the independence of his own State. The enemy was already threatening to march on his capital, and yet he knelt there with a majestic calm upon his rugged face, praying with evident sincerity and faith.

"Gualtiero dropped on his knees behind a pillar near him and prayed, with his heart full to bursting, for the holy cause — for which he could not fight. 'I am no better than a monk,' he said. 'All I can offer is a prayer;

may the Almighty accept it !' He bowed his head in utter self-abasement and wept. 'He knows that I am willing to give my blood for the redemption of my country ; if I might die quietly without the roar of battle, here on the spot, I would gladly surrender my life for thee, my Italy !'

"What do you say, young man ? Give your life for Italy ? What do you mean ?"

Gualtiero looked up and sprang to his feet. It was the stalwart king who stood over him, speaking in a deep whisper. He possessed unusually acute hearing, and he had overheard the low-breathed lament of the student at the other side of the pillar.

"Sire," said Gualtiero, 'I was not aware that I was overheard. Pardon me if I disturbed your Majesty.'

"I will, on one condition," replied Victor Emmanuel with a smile. 'That you will join our ranks and follow me to the war. We want all the brave men in the country, to ensure success.'

"Sire, I fear that I cannot."

"Che, che ! I will take no excuse."

"I am utterly untrained — and — unfit."

"Look here, signore ! It is every man's duty, who holds that Italy ought to be free, to lend an arm to the glorious enterprise. You said you would give your life for Italy ! Here is the way — the only way to serve her. The enemy is almost at the door ; you all have longed for this chance as much as I have, if I can believe the representations that have come to me from the provinces of the Romagne and the Duchies. Go to ! You must fight, sir. Your name ?"

"Gualtiero G —, at your Majesty's commands."

The king beckoned to an aide-de-camp.

"This gentleman wishes to be enrolled in our army. Conduct him to the barracks at once. Adieu, signore, to meet at Alessandria."

"The die was cast. The king had never taken his dark, piercing eyes off the student's pale face ; they had a

fascination which held him passive ; and it was the effect of his powerful personality which made Gualtiero accept his lot without further remonstrance. Indeed, he could hardly have got out of the difficulty without a confession of weakness incomprehensible to a man like Victor Emmanuel. How could that lion-like creature, with nerves of iron and an eye that no danger could for one instant appal, understand a creepy spine ? He was a shrewd observer, and had studied human nature from life — not in books. He had a kind disposition ; and the heart-broken sigh of the young man, with the strange, whispered words he had overheard, awakened his sympathy. He saw in Gualtiero's face that there was some obstacle to his entering the service, but he also saw that he longed to go ; and so he decided the matter for him with an arbitrary kindness.

"It is generally supposed that like is attracted to like ; but there are multitudes of people in which the reverse is the case. Many persons hanker after pursuits for which they have no capacity, and admire and reverence those who have qualities exactly the opposite of theirs. Victor Emmanuel was the very antithesis of Gualtiero. But he, in his irresistible physical strength, looked with a kindly sympathy at the pallid student, for he respected letters and intellectual men. So, too, did Gualtiero feel drawn to, sustained and comforted by, the strong personality of the lion-like king, who seemed to impart to him some of his own self-reliance and fortitude.

"The die was cast ; there was no returning. Taking comfort in the resolution that he would not wait for the fatal weakness to assail him, but would throw himself in hot haste upon the enemy, even if he broke the pace of his regiment, he went calmly to his doom. He reasoned with himself thus : 'Gualtiero, what fearest thou, if thou art willing to die ? Death for one's country is an easy and a glorious end. What fearest thou ? The roar of cannon ? Dolt ! noise does not

hurt.' 'Ah, but,' answered the other self, 'it is the horrors, the blood, the mutilations.' 'Peace, dolt! Thou must harden thyself for that also. Duty calls.'

"The first encounter of the Piedmontese with the enemy was at Montebello, and it came suddenly, without the prolonged expectation which wears on the nerves. The soldiers flew to arms and rushed to the spot which had been attacked. Gualtiero, with heart beating tumultuously, was as quick as his comrades. How would he behave? He had not the least idea. Amid the thunder of artillery, and before a thought could pass in his brain, came the word of command: 'Alla bajonetta!' There was an impetuous rush of men, shoulder to shoulder, a fierce bayonet charge, in which Gualtiero threw himself upon the enemy with an intrepidity which astonished himself more than anybody, and was not unnoticed by his comrades; for in his nervous exaltation he was absolutely reckless of his life.

"The fight was soon over, the Italians remaining masters of the field. Gualtiero had had his baptism of blood; and while the intoxication of battle remained, he looked and felt like a soldier. But, though this encounter was little more than a skirmish, the sight of the field, when all was done, was a soul-sickening spectacle. To help the wounded was a more painful duty than fighting. He might have got used to this, too, had he remained long enough in the service; he had, in fact, overcome his weakness. He probably would have done so in the '48 campaign, had he been permitted to try a second battle. But he could not trust himself, and his own diffidence had helped to ruin him.

"Ten days after Montebello, was fought the important battle of Palestro—and this was the last military exploit of Gualtiero's life. The Austrians had brought up a large force to prevent the Piedmontese from crossing the river Sesia. General Cialdini attacked the Austrians at one point, Gen-

eral Fanti at another; while the king, who directed the movements of all, led on a third division in person, and at a critical moment rushed upon the enemy and passed the bridge by an overwhelming charge. Three times the Austrians were repulsed, and three times they returned to the attack, but were obliged to retreat at the close of day. Before the king rested he issued a proclamation, thanking his army for its heroic conduct.

"Gualtiero, whose nervous excitement permitted him no repose on that eventful night, rose an hour before dawn and walked out into the cool night air, hoping thus to calm the feverish throbbing of his heart. When the grey light began to break in the eastern sky he was at some distance from headquarters; and, in order to take a general survey of the country, he scrambled up on the wall of a ruined cottage. In the dim light of the morning he perceived a large body of soldiers marching in his direction, and in a few minutes he was convinced that this white mass, moving like a sheet of water, was no other than the Austrian army, reinforced, and coming back to retake the position which it had lost yesterday. Back to Palestro he hurried, and, gasping and panting, told his news to the king's aide-de-camp, who came out to receive him at the door of the poor little country house where his Majesty was lodged. Victor Emmanuel summoned his generals; and the Austrians found that, instead of the surprise which they intended, the Italians were ready for them. At the last moment the king wrote a despatch to his prime minister, Cavour: 'You must have been pleased with the news of yesterday evening. I mount my horse. This evening I shall send you other good news.' This was handed to Gualtiero to despatch; and the magnificent self-confidence of the writer helped our poor volunteer through that terrible day.

"This second encounter at Palestro was a long and bloody battle, which lasted the whole summer's day, and was fought with a splendid courage and

obstinacy on both sides. The account of it belongs to history; I am now concerned only with the fortunes of a humble volunteer who took a modest part in it.

"There was a moment when the king was almost lost to us. He had led his followers to the defence of the bridge, where the thickest fight raged, and, in his impetuosity, had galloped his horse into the midst of the enemy. When his own people saw him almost surrounded by the Austrians there was a cry of horror and a desperate rush of staff officers, bersaglieri, and zouaves to the rescue. Before they could reach the spot, an infantry soldier, who had followed in the charge, saw an Austrian officer's sword uplifted against the king, while his attention was directed elsewhere. The gleaming blade flashed before his eyes as he ran between the two horses and struck the sword aside with his bayonet. The next instant he received a fierce slash upon the shoulder, and sank upon the ground under the hoofs of the rearing war-horse. The Italians threw themselves upon the enemy like a thunder-bolt, and, rallying around their king, carried him back to a place of comparative safety, while the bruised and bleeding form of the prostrate soldier was dragged off the ground by two bersaglieri. This soldier, who had followed the most dauntless of leaders to the thickest of the fray, who had interposed to save his life, and who fell on the bloodiest spot of that bloody field, was Gualtiero, the recreant volunteer of 1848."

Here the narrator paused and looked at me. Perceiving my breathless interest in his story, he said: "Do you want to hear more?" in a tone of quiet satisfaction. "I have little more to tell. On the field of Palestro, Gualtiero's career reached its culmination."

"Did he survive?" I asked. "I should be glad to know that he reaped the reward of his long and patient suffering, and his final heroic effort. He deserved more credit and more honor than the man gifted with animal cour-

age. Our Shakespeare has well expressed the thought:—

The brave man is not he who feels no fear,  
For that were stupid and irrational;  
But he whose noble soul his fear subdues,  
And bravely dares the danger nature  
shrinks from."

"Signorina, I said that I hoped my sequel would win a little respect for my unhappy volunteer; and I shall have gained my object if I have persuaded you not to condemn too hastily any man from outward appearance.

"Gualtiero lay on a hospital bed with aching bones and consuming fever, but with a serene and happy mind which made it a heaven compared with that other hospital in Venetia eleven years ago, when Victor Emmanuel, who, according to his custom, was visiting his sick individually, came to his side, with a kindly smile and an encouraging word. He had a good memory, and he recognized the student who he knew had fought bravely. He did not know, and never shall know, that it was this humble soldier's interposition which had saved him from the Austrian's sword.

"'Figliuolo mio,' said the king, 'you do not regret the day I persuaded you to enter my service—the service of our common country? It has been a glorious victory.'

"'Regret, sire? No, no, no! I thank you a thousand times for the privilege. It has made me a happy man, this wound.'

"'To shed one's blood for Italy is indeed a happiness,' said Victor Emmanuel, to whom it seemed the most natural thing in the world to rejoice over, quite a subject for congratulation. 'You will recover from this, I trust.'

"'Oh, that is of no consequence,' replied the invalid.

"And then Victor grasped the thin, delicate hand in his strong, brown fist with a hearty grip of admiration. 'Bravo figliuolo!'

"'Sire, you know not what good you have done me. I bless you forever for that timely word in the Duomo.'

"'What is your country?' asked Victor.



"I am Romagnuolo and have been a republican all my life, naturally. But now, my king, I am your devoted subject." And he put his lips to the king's hand.

"The sweet memory of this interview made his pain a delight to him. 'This aching arm,' he thought, 'has saved a king's life. A king's? Pshaw! What of that? What care I about kings? A hero's life, the first soldier of Italian independence, the kind-hearted man who gave me a chance of redeeming my honor. I shall have a medal of valor for killing the Austrians; but none shall thank me or reward me for the best act of my life, which gives me infinitely more pleasure to remember than the bloody work I was compelled to do. He shall never know it.'

"He hugged his secret as a precious possession, which had washed out the stain of his youth and reconciled him to himself. It seemed to him the act would have lost all its virtue if it had been the vulgar talk of the public, and if he were to receive acknowledgment. I am the only person who knows Gualtiero's happy secret."

My companion put his hand to his breast and drew from an inside pocket a tiny morocco case which, when opened, displayed a silver medal for military valor from Victor Emmanuel to Gualtiero Guerrieri.

"Guerrieri!" I exclaimed. "Was he, then, your brother, perhaps? Or, may have been yourself!"

He smiled as he shut the case with a snap, and replaced it in his breast.

"Here we are in sight of the station. Behold, signorina, that steep, green mount, clothed with verdure and crowned by a little walled town! That is Montalcino, and there you will find suitable lodging and a cow. Farewell."

Signor Guerrieri leaned forward to drop his fare into the driver's palm, hastily shook my hand in a forgiving spirit, and, leaping lightly to the ground, soon disappeared from my sight.

G. S. GODKIN.

From Belgravia.

BIANCA CAPELLO, GRAND DUCHESS OF TUSCANY.

THIS Venetian lady, whose life was a most romantic one, was born at Venice in 1542; she was descended from the noble house of the Capelli, and daughter of Bartolomeo Capello.

Her early youth—in fact, the whole of her childhood—was passed in the retirement of her father's palace, where she had intercourse with, and met, only the members of her family and her near relations, according to the custom of the country.

In the middle of the sixteenth century, the Florentines, in common with other nations, formed a commercial establishment at Venice, which was greatly esteemed. Agents were appointed there, by several of the most noble and wealthy families of Florence, to transact the business of their employers in the mercantile houses. One of, if not the most distinguished of these, was that of the Salviati, who had as clerk a Florentine youth of obscure birth, whose family were poor, one Pietro Buonaventuri—a man more indebted to nature than fortune, for he possessed a handsome face, fine figure, insinuating manners, an aspiring, ambitious temperament, and a decided turn for intrigue.

The house of Salviati was opposite the palace of the Capelli and the young Florentine had plenty of opportunities of observing Bianca, and in 1565, when she was about twenty-three, her lovely face attracted his attention, her rank flattered his ambition, while, by the difficulties that seemed to threaten the course of his "true love," his darling passion for adventure was stimulated and inflamed. For some time he vainly sought to gain access to the lady fair who had captivated his fancy, and banished from his mind all thoughts of the cash-book, ledger, and such-like unromantic things, young Venetian women, especially those of noble blood, being kept under such strict surveillance that all his attempts were frustrated, and he had to be satisfied with an interchange of glances, which the

aspiring and vain clerk did not fail to construe to his advantage. The close confinement in which Bianca was kept, and the austerity with which she was treated by her relatives, made her little less solicitous than himself to facilitate a meeting, if only to break the dull monotony of her daily life.

Love laughs at bolts and bars, and Buonaventuri was a bold fellow; so when Bianca repaired to church, attended only by her maid, to offer up her devotions, he whispered his admiration into her willing ear; not, however, allowing the credulous fair one to know he was of humble extraction, but represented himself as a partner in the house of Salviati.

His handsome face, fine figure, fascinating manners, the delightful way in which he made love, the novelty and charm of the situation, intoxicated and deceived the daughter of the house of Capelli. She believed that she loved and was beloved, and love "never doubts the reality of the sentiment which flatters its hopes." The maid, no doubt bribed by Pietro, agreed to aid the lovers, and by the help of a false key admitted the Florentine at midnight to breathe his vows at the feet of his mistress.

These stolen interviews went on for some months without discovery; the secret was known only to three people, who, through mutual interest, were naturally silent; but when it became likely that a fourth person would appear, whose silence it would be less easy to ensure, the frail Bianca became a prey to gloomy fears, having before her eyes the terrors of a cloister and life-long imprisonment. In this dilemma, after a hurried consultation, Pietro proposed flight, and she, seeing that it was their only means of safety, secured, by way of a dowry, a costly suite of jewels belonging to her father, and eloped with him to Florence. Buonaventuri, on the journey thither, was compelled to disclose the mean deception he had practised, excusing it as a stratagem of love, throwing himself on her tenderness for pardon. When he revealed his real name and station,

the lady's situation was such that she had no alternative, and was obliged to give her hand, and promise faith and affection to the man by whom she had been so grossly deceived and betrayed. The marriage took place in a village near Bologna, and when the benediction was given, the newly married couple proceeded to Florence, and besought Pietro's father to give them shelter, which he did, and shortly after Bianca gave birth to a daughter, whom she named *Pelegriana*.

The Capelli family, enraged at the flight and disgrace of their daughter, thirsted and clamored for revenge. Grimani, patriarch of Aquileia, Bianca's uncle, in his anger, procured a decree from the Senate, by which his niece and her husband were exiled, as outlaws, from Venice, and a reward of a thousand ducats offered to those who should bring the culprits to justice. Bartolomeo also offered a similar sum on fulfilment of the same condition. Pietro's uncle, Giovan Battista Buonaventuri, accused of being privy to the amour of his nephew, was thrown into one of those dreary, water-lapped dungeons of which Venice had many, and was suffered to perish; while the maid, whom the lovers in the hurry of their flight had neglected to take with them, expiated her breach of trust by a fate not less terrible.

Bianca, the "victim of credulity and fraud," remained concealed in the house of her father-in-law in Florence for some time, and while there she learnt of the barbarous proceedings of her relatives at Venice. She also heard that ruffians were to be sent to Florence to tear her from this poor asylum, and everything tending to show her the horrors and dangers of her situation, she determined to solicit protection from Francesco, son of the Grand Duke Cosimo de Medici, governor of Tuscany.

There are various accounts of her introduction to this prince, some which bear about them an air of romance, which makes them almost incredible. The following account, however, is admitted and reported by nearly all the

Florentine writers. Francesco had early received notice from his agents at Venice of the elopement of the low-born Buonaventura with the daughter of the Capelli, and its consequences. It is said that Bianca, dreading the decree, remained closely concealed in her father-in-law's house, scarcely venturing out for fear of being seen and recognized, even to hear mass at a neighboring church. One day, as Francesco rode by Buonaventuri's house, a disturbance in the streets drew Bianca to the window, and so absorbed was she in the affray, that she did not see the prince, who, struck by her beauty, stopped to look at her. On at length meeting his admiring gaze, she started and retired in alarm, telling her mother-in-law what had happened. Some time having elapsed, and nothing of a startling nature occurring, she recovered her tranquillity, keeping herself, however, in strict seclusion, redoubling her precautions, and abstaining even from attending mass.

Francesco, who had been deeply impressed by Bianca's brilliant beauty, rode daily through the street in which he had transiently beheld her, hoping to get a second glimpse of the charms which had bewitched him. This proving futile, in the same hope he visited all the neighboring churches. Baffled here too, he told his adventure, in confidence, to his chamberlain, Mandragone, who, with the aid of his wife, a clever *intriguante*, traced the beautiful stranger to her hiding-place. This woman, under a plausible pretence, formed an acquaintance with Buonaventuri's mother, and by her presents, insinuating manners, and liberality, won her confidence to such a degree that she disclosed to the chamberlain's lady the story of Bianca's marriage, its consequences, and her natural apprehensions. Of course she offered her interest with her husband to win for the beautiful Venetian the protection of the prince, whose clemency and justice she did not fail to praise in extravagant terms. Mandragone's wife having imposed upon the mother-in-law without difficulty, Bianca was pre-

vailed upon by her solicitations and arguments to pay a visit to the chamberlain's house, where they were received with deference and courtesy by their new friends, by whom she was persuaded to recapitulate her story. Her hostess listened to the tale with well-simulated interest, and when it was concluded, after praising the generosity and munificence of Francesco, promised to engage his patronage for her lovely guest. After partaking of a repast, the mother-in-law was, by an artful stratagem, drawn from the room, which Francesco, a few minutes after, abruptly entered. Bianca, surprised and confused by this unexpected incident, sank at the feet of her royal visitor, and raising her lovely eyes to his, besought his compassion in tremulous accents. The prince, as he raised this charming suppliant, assured her of his services and protection, after which he at once withdrew, leaving Bianca both surprised and astonished at his sudden appearance. The chamberlain's wife apologized, on her return, for the intrusion of the prince, who, she said, had a key to a private door of the house, and was accustomed to come in without ceremony.

"But, doubtless," remarked this wily woman, "you chide him for his intrusion."

"I asked of him," replied Bianca, "only security for my honor."

Her hostess did not fail to seize upon this opportunity to further eulogize Francesco, a subject on which this Tuscan lady seems to have been peculiarly eloquent, and she entreated her guest not to check in any way an acquaintance thus accidentally, yet auspiciously, commenced, and which could not but prove very advantageous to her.

Such, it is alleged by contemporary writers, was the origin of the connection so important to the future destiny of the fair Venetian.

"This account," says one of her biographers, "is liable to objections; it appears improbable that the prince, who learned from his agents, at the time it happened, of the flight of the lovers, should have been ignorant of

the circumstances attending their asylum, and the conduct of the Venetian States, or should have been obliged for his introduction to stratagem and surprise. But a foundation of truth, enough for the purposes of this narration, is sufficiently apparent in the charms and defenceless situation of Bianca, the character in which her husband stood as an agent for the commerce of Florence, and the temper of Francesco, whose sensibility to female beauty was well known."

He espoused the cause of the fair fugitive with extreme ardor, and negotiated with the Venetians on her behalf, endeavoring to obtain, through his agent at Venice, and by the mediation of the pope's nuncio, a reversal of their severe decree. His efforts, strenuous though they were, and upheld by the Church, proved useless. The Council of Ten remained inexorable. The property bequeathed to Bianca by her mother, some six thousand ducats, was withheld, and the decree pronouncing her an alien from her country was confirmed. Francesco was advised by his agent to lessen his efforts, so implacable and enraged appeared the temper of the republic, to wait until a more propitious opportunity should occur, when, the affair no longer being of recent occurrence, their desire for vengeance might have grown cool. He assured him that the elopement had excited general interest; that the States considered their dignity as a body to be affected, to relent, therefore, would be regarded as a dangerous precedent. He also added a hint to the effect that it did not become the dignity of an ambassador and the representative of a prince to interfere in the affairs of a private family, especially as the business did not promise a favorable issue, which was likely to reflect disgrace on its advocates, and which, above all, could not fail to draw upon Florence the resentment of the republic.

Francesco, like a wise prince, took his agent's advice, and, relaxing his zeal, proceedings were suffered to decline; chiefly, perhaps, because Bianca

remained in perfect security under his protection. In 1565 all applications on her behalf to the Senate had ceased.

The prince, who almost hourly became more and more attached to his lovely *protégée*, purchased, on the Via Maggiore at Florence, a splendid palace for her, adorned with art treasures and every luxury money could procure, and here he spent every moment he could snatch from the affairs of State, in her society. She was by no means indifferent to the devotion of her munificent patron, though for some years a veil of secrecy and decorum was drawn over their intrigue.

The greater part of the ducal powers had been handed over to Francesco by his father, who had retired from public affairs, at the commencement of the lovers' acquaintance, and Cosimo, though well aware of the *liaison* between his son and the new favorite, affected to overlook it, because an alliance was being negotiated by him between Francesco, reigning grand duke of Tuscany, and the Emperor Maximilian's sister, Donna Joanna of Austria, whose hand had been asked in marriage.

"The Italian princes, involved in a struggle for precedence, regarded with jealousy the power and magnificence of the Medici. The interest of the house of Austria, it was conceived by Cosimo, would strengthen their cause and enable them to defeat the machinations of their enemies. In a political view, Francesco acceded to the opinions of his father, nor ventured, though but little inclined to the marriage, to throw any impediment in the way of the negotiation."

The attachment of Francesco to Bianca was closely concealed while negotiations for this alliance were going on, but he did not make the slightest attempt to disguise the warmth and extent of his feelings for the fair Venetian, once Joanna of Austria was his wife, a circumstance not much to the grand duke's credit.

Bianca was introduced at court shortly after this marriage, about 1566, and her relations with Francesco

openly avowed. She met with great admiration, and was courteously treated, while the duke's devotion to her seemed to be unlimited. Carried away by those successes, she began to form the most aspiring projects, and induced the prince, in a moment of delirium, to make a solemn vow before an image of the Virgin, to espouse her as soon as they should be freed from their present ties.

Bianca's triumph was shared by her husband in part, who, being low-bred, and as mean a rascal as ever stepped, took the duke's bounty and allowed himself to be invested with the title and office of chamberlain, was admitted to a part in the government, and consulted on the affairs of State. Peter Buonaventuri did not long enjoy the honors of the giddy height to which he had climbed through his wife's dishonor. Pride and presumption cost him his friends and gained him powerful enemies, while his wholesale abuse of the powers entrusted to him drew on him the hatred of the people.

"The Florentines," says a historian, "had not yet forgotten the usurpations of the Medici, by whom the republic had been abolished; a number of malcontents still remained, who waited but an occasion openly to show the detestation which lurked in their hearts of the masters imposed upon them. Francesco, who, without the good qualities, inherited the vices of his father, was still more the object of their abhorrence; while, incensed at the oppression and arrogance of the upstart chamberlain, they meditated his ruin, which his own indiscretion precipitated.

The cause which actually led to his assassination in the streets of Florence, was his intrigue with Cassandra Bougiani, a lovely Florentine, of the Ricci family. Owing to a coldness having taken place between Bianca and Buonaventuri, he sought to console himself with gallantries amongst the ladies of the court, but he imprudently boasted of his friendship with the fair Cassandra, and drew upon himself the anger of the Ricci, who besought Francesco to punish the insolence and presump-

tion of his chamberlain. Francesco warned him of his danger, mildly remonstrated with him on the folly of his conduct, and advised greater moderation and caution, adding a hint to the effect that even *his* protection would avail him little against the poniard of the assassin. The chamberlain, in excuse, complained bitterly of the malice of his enemies, and pretended that the imputations thrown on him were calumnies, fabricated through the jealousy of those who would fain have enjoyed the same favor in his master's eyes as he did. The duke affected to believe these excuses, but told Buonaventuri that for the future he would only have himself to blame if his conduct got him into trouble.

The arrogant chamberlain trusted too much in the forbearance of his patron, and continued his indiscretions, while the Ricci daily importuned Francesco for justice. To rid himself of these importunities and to save his indiscreet chamberlain, he determined to send him away to France. This plan, however, was not favored by Bianca, who implored her lover not to send Buonaventuri away, and promised to use all her influence to try to get him to alter his conduct. But he received her remonstrations with rudeness and violence, swearing he would never give up Cassandra, and after insulting and threatening his wife he left her overwhelmed with indignation and grief. The duke, who was in the next room, and had heard all that had passed through a secret door, that was open, concealed by the tapestry hangings, entered, and finding her in tears, said:

"Do not discompose yourself on this matter. If your husband will take no advice, we must leave him to his fate."

On rushing into the street, Buonaventuri saw one of the Ricci conversing with two other noblemen, and accosting him in furious terms, he threatened him with a pistol, saying he would shoot him if he dared again to complain of his conduct. Ricci, naturally and justly enraged at this fresh insult, went again to the duke, of whom he demanded "immediate sat-



isfaction for the affront he had received." The grand duke went with him into the garden, where they had a long conversation, and as Ricci quitted the duke the latter was heard to say :—

"Do as you please, I shall take no notice of your conduct."

That evening Francesco left Florence, and at midnight the too gallant chamberlain was poniarded in the streets of the city. Some historians give the date of his assassination as 21st December, 1569, others assert that it did not take place until five years later, 1574.

The following is an account of it given by one of Bianca's biographers :

"The chamberlain returning on the night of 21st December, 1569, attended by two servants, armed, from the house of Cassandra, was attacked on the bridge Della Trinita by more than twelve banditti; the combat was unequal; in the beginning of the fray one of the servants made his escape, the other fell by his master. Buonaventuri, having killed the leader of the assassins, defended himself with vigor, cleared the bridge, and had nearly reached his house, where a fresh band of assassins awaited him, so intent were his enemies on his destruction; exhausted at length by his exertions, and unable to avoid assailants thus multiplied, the impetuous chamberlain rushed on his fate, and fell covered with wounds. Ruffians at the same time broke into the chamber of his mistress, whom they murdered in her bed. By these barbarous sacrifices was the ferocious honor of the Ricci appeased."

On the following morning when Bianca heard of the horrible fate of her husband, she flew to the palace, to urge Francesco to take vengeance on his murderers. She found the duke was still absent at Pratolino. He did not return for two days, when he endeavored to appease Bianca's anger by promising to punish the assassins, but so purposely slow were the proceedings that they managed to escape to France. It was suspected that the prince was privy to the affair, and

afterwards he confessed that he was to Giovan Battista Confetti, his chaplain.

The death of Buonaventuri drew closer the ties between his widow and Francesco, from whom he could hardly tear himself away to attend to State affairs, which disgusted and offended the Florentines. But nothing could shake the influence of Bianca with her lover, though she incurred the hatred of the people and, becoming alarmed by the openly shown discontent, she courted the friendship of all the Medici family. Cosimo, Francesco's father, was living in retirement with his wife, Camilla Martelli, interesting himself little in public affairs, and seeing he was not likely to be of much use to her, she turned her attention to Francesco's brother, Cardinal Ferdinand, and his sister, Donna Isabella de Medici. The latter, a great favorite with the reigning grand duke, was unhappily married to Giordano Orsino, for whose nephew, Troilo, she had conceived a violent affection, which led ultimately to her tragical death. Finding her attachment favored by Bianca, who was as unscrupulous as clever, she accepted the favorite's proffered friendship, and did not fail to flatter her brother's passion. Of all the Medici, Cardinal Ferdinand was the most popular, and though Francesco did not like him much or confide in him greatly, his favor was sought eagerly by Bianca, as a protection against the Florentine people, and she studied his character closely in order to make herself necessary to him, persuading Francesco to increase his revenue, and lend him twenty thousand scudi, a sum he was much in want of, having exceeded the limits of his fortune through his love of pomp and magnificence, while she added the most flattering testimonies of deference and respect to these substantial services; while being mistress of every avenue to the heart, the cardinal's cold and austere nature yielded to her wily blandishments, and, her influence with the chief members of her lover's family secured, her supremacy at court was assured and rested on a solid and reliable basis.



Francesco's marriage naturally turned out unhappily. The grand duchess Joanna had been educated in a bigoted court, was stiff and unyielding in her manners, while her intellect was narrow, her accomplishments few, her opinions rigid and obstinate. Altogether, she was a woman little calculated to win a husband's love from such a brilliant, beautiful rival as the fair, frail Venetian. Moreover, she was extremely severe to the shortcomings of her spouse, complaining incessantly to his father, and embittering his mind by almost hourly reproaches. Her jealousy, violence, severity, and peevishness completed his aversion and disgust, turning indifference into hatred, and riveting closer the chains which bound him to the lively, clever, vivacious widow.

The duchess was neglected, while the whole court crowded about Bianca, who was surrounded by splendor and adulation.

Joanna, almost mad with rage and grief at her deserted condition and the humiliations heaped upon her, meeting her husband and his favorite one day on the bridge of La Trinita, roused to a tigerish ferocity at the sight, ordered her attendants to throw her hated rival into the Arno, but Count Heliodori Costelli, who happened to be with her, stepped forward and represented to her that her evil purpose was a suggestion of the devil. So, vengeance yielding to superstition, the duchess recalled her mandate, and Bianca passed on in safety, little knowing the narrow escape she had had of a speedy exit from her life of splendid wickedness.

The death of Cosimo, about the year 1574, secured for Francesco the sovereignty, and removed from his favorite a watchful eye, and determined her on the execution of a long meditated and most audacious project. Donna Joanna had borne her husband several daughters, but the want of a son afforded Francesco incessant vexation and grief, as he was averse to the succession of either of his brothers. As he had no legitimate male heir, he had often expressed a wish to Bianca that she

should become the mother of a boy, and she, anxious to secure her power over her lover, earnestly desired it also, as the duke had promised to make her his wife, if it were ever in his power to do so, on condition that she should first present him with a son. One obstacle to the elevation she coveted had been removed by the assassination of her husband, while the rapidly failing health of the neglected and unhappy duchess seemed to promise the fulfilment of her ambitious hopes, and there only remained a son to be procured by some means or other, fair or foul. Since the birth of her daughter Pelegrina, dissipation had made considerable inroads on her constitution, and there seemed little chance of her hopes being fulfilled, therefore she resorted to subtlety and fraud, shrinking from no measure which might ensure success.

The project had been ripening for some time in her mind. She had marked out the agents, whose assistance it would be necessary to have, assigning to each individual his or her part, while the entire scheme was entrusted but to *one*, the attendant and confidant of Bianca, Joanna Santi, who was to arrange and conduct the whole affair. Santi selected several Florentine women, and at the close of the year 1575 everything was in train for this prodigious and impudent fraud on the loving credulity of a weak man. A report was circulated that the favorite was pregnant, and so admirably did she act her part, that no one doubted it, while Francesco was in a transport of delight.

The following account is given, by an old writer, of the affair. "August 29th, 1576, one of the women marked by the confidant was delivered of a son, and the mother with the child conveyed to a house belonging to Bianca. Santi, making the woman a visit, took the infant, under pretence of showing it to some person in an adjoining room, from its mother, and, in the night, had it secretly conveyed to the palace of Bianca, to be produced as occasion should serve. The crafty Venetian had acted through the day the part of a

woman expecting momentarily to become a mother; and the duke, 'full of anxiety, quitted not the room for a moment, till, at length, exhausted by fatigue and watching, the night being far advanced, he was prevailed on to retire, and to leave his beloved mistress with her nurse and attendants. Bianca contrived, on some pretence, to rid herself for a few moments of the physician, who waited in her chamber, and who seems not to have been in the plot; and in the interval, surrounded only by her confidential friends, pretended to have brought forth a son. Francesco, who had just laid down to repose, hastened, on the joyful intelligence, to the chamber of his mistress, from whose arms he received the boy, which he acknowledged as his own; in compliment to Saint Anthony, whom he believed had been propitious to the prayers of Bianca, the child received from the duke the name of Antonio."

The fraud was successful. Now mark the result, the fate of the poor wretches, the dupes, and accomplices of the grasping ambition of a merciless woman. Naturally, after a while, the Venetian sought to rid herself of the witnesses of her falsehood. The wet-nurse, with a waiting-woman who knew part of the secret, were flung into the Arno; the real mother, ignorant of the fate of her baby, was conveyed to Bologna by an agent in the pay of Bianca. This man some years after, when at the point of death, told her the secret, and warned her to be mindful of her own safety. In terror of her life, she wandered through Italy, under a feigned name, for twelve years; and after Bianca's death, when confessing, revealed the whole transaction to a Bolognese priest whose interest she begged with Francesco's successor, to enable her to return to Florence.

The confidant and principal agent, Santi, about a year after the birth of the child was sent to Bologna, and was assaulted by ruffians, on her passage over the Apennines, from whom she received several wounds. Notwithstanding her injuries she reached Bologna alive, and in revenge made an

authentic declaration of the fraud, of the horrible fate which had overtaken those who had been employed in it, and of her belief that her own murder had been intended. This deposition of Santi's, was sent to the cardinal, Ferdinando, who made no present use of it, for political reasons, but put it away carefully for future use if necessary.

Doubts of the deception practised, however, were whispered in the grand duke's ear, by the physician who had attended her and others, but Francesco appeared to give no credit to the tale, and publicly acknowledged the little Antonio as his son, while Bianca omitted nothing that might tend to endear the boy to his reputed father. She did not long remain in ignorance of the stories of her fraud which had been told to her lover, and fearing that eventually the truth would come out, some years afterwards she had the audacity to confess the whole affair to the duke. "Thus was the secret disclosed that had cost so many precautions and so much blood."

She managed by her adroitness to preserve the affections of the infatuated prince, who still continued to own the child in public.

To the depositions of the real mother and the confidant, as to this singular transaction, were added the testimony of Pietro Capello, the physician who attended her, the confession of Bianca, and the subsequent communication of Francesco to his confessor, all of which are authenticated facts. Ferdinando preserved a discreet silence in this matter, which so nearly concerned his interests, perhaps because of the enmity that existed between him and his brother, or it might be in remembrance of Bianca's good offices, and her ascendancy over the grand duke.

Since the birth of Antonio, the Grand Duchess Joanna had constantly appealed to Maximilian II., her brother, and he and another brother, the Archduke Ferdinand, interested themselves in her unhappy situation, Ferdinand menacing Francesco, saying he would avenge his sister, when the rupture between the States, which seemed im-

minent, was avoided by the death of Maximilian. His successor, Rudolph, was more inclined to keep on good terms with the grand duke than to quarrel with him.

An event happened in 1577, which promised to bring happiness to Joanna: the grand duchess gave birth to a son, presenting her husband with the male heir he had so long and so ardently desired. Don Filippo de Medici, as this atom was called, almost from the hour of birth, seemed to heal the breach between his parents, while the Florentines were in triumph, and clamoured loudly for the disgrace and removal of the mistress, who, to avoid more bitter mortifications, wisely withdrew to a villa she had near Bologna, pretending to give up her relations with the duke. Her absence only added fuel to the flame of her lover's passion. He missed her lovely face, her habitual cheerfulness and complaisant tenderness, and languished for her society, which at times even then he secretly enjoyed, while he hated the restraint the situation of his wife and the wishes of his subjects imposed upon him.

Bianca returned to Florence the following year, and by her *exterior* prudence and retired mode of life, made the duchess think that all was at an end between the Venetian and her husband, which made her treat her beautiful rival with less acrimony and indulge in hopes of winning Francesco's affection.

But alas, for the mutability of human hopes! This unfortunate lady was soon to be undeceived, and her grief and resentment increased.

One day encountering her husband with Bianca, she threatened her with the vengeance of Heaven, reproaching her most bitterly, and on her return to the palace after this scene in a depressed and melancholy state, she was seized with an indisposition, which ended in her death. This catastrophe was attributed by some to poison administered to her by the duke, but her delicate state of health and a broken

heart seem quite enough to produce the effect.

Both Francesco and Bianca showed callous heartlessness on the death of the duchess. The former at the funeral disgusted the Florentines, who had pitied and liked Joanna, by his levity and openly shown relief, and the Venetian displayed so little delicacy as to view the burial cavalcade from her window; and all present saw the duke look up and salute her as he passed, while from the interment he went straight to an entertainment at her house.

"Give me your hand," said Bianca to the confidant who brought her the news of the duchess's death, "it will now be in my power to make your fortune; I have the promise of the duke to become his wife—my views are all accomplished."

These hopes grew, as Francesco refused to enter into the alliances proposed to him by the Cardinal Ferdinando, telling his brother that "He had already sufficiently sacrificed to the interest of his family, and that he had determined never again to barter his liberty for matrimonial fetters."

However, after a struggle between duty and inclination, and against the advice of his counsellors, he married her secretly on the 5th of June, 1579, the marriage ceremony being performed by a monk who was devoted to Bianca. This event was carefully concealed during the term of mourning for the grand duchess, but when that had expired, it was acknowledged. Cardinal Ferdinando received the intelligence with little emotion. He did not think that Bianca would be raised to the dignity of grand duchess; his father Cosimo had married a woman of inferior rank, Camilla Martelli, but had never thought of raising her to that rank.

In writing to a friend, he expressed himself thus on the subject:—

"However, it does not follow that Bianca will be proclaimed grand duchess. I rather believe she will hold the same rank as did Signora Camilla."

To conciliate the Florentines, Francesco sent a splendid embassy to the Venetian Senate, begging it to confer the title of "Daughter of the Republic" upon his wife. This was a title created by the Venetians for political purposes, by which the daughters of their patricians, assuming the rank of princesses, were able to form alliances with crowned heads. Venice, being the first Italian state, its daughters took precedence of the other princesses of Italy. On 17th July, 1579, this dignity was granted, by a decree of the same Senate by which she had been banished and persecuted, and at the same time her father and brother were made Knights of the Stola d'Oro, and Francesco's ambassadors returned to Florence laden with honors, and a letter from the doge, in which he congratulated the duke upon his nuptials, telling him that "We have this day unanimously in council, created and proclaimed Bianca Capello, Grand Duchess of Tuscany, Daughter of the Republic."

The fact of the doge giving Bianca the title of grand duchess in his letter, determined Francesco on the elevation of his wife, and the double ceremony of the coronation of his consort as daughter of the republic, and her presentation as grand duchess was performed on the same day, 13th October, 1579, with solemn pomp, the Venetian Republic sending a splendid embassy, her uncle, the patriarch of Aquileia, giving the benediction to the royal pair, while Micheli Fiepolo read the decree of the Senate, and placed the ducal crown on her brow. Amongst other honors, she was declared Queen of Chypre.

The cardinal could not conceal his disgust at the elevation of Bianca, his interests were so nearly involved. Don Filippo, Joanna's son, was in a precarious and feeble state of health, Ferdinando was next in succession. His hopes would be extinguished if Bianca bore a son, and failing this he dreaded those arts and intrigues of which she had already given a specimen. He would not go to Florence to

assist at the coronation, but sent two of his chamberlains instead, which slight to his beloved wife Francesco resented, withdrawing from his brother all correspondence, and Ferdinando declared his intention of never visiting Florence again. Thus once more were the Medici divided.

Bianca, however, too clever a woman not to smother her own feelings when policy dictated it, never rested until she had effected a reconciliation between the brothers, the cardinal bestowing on her the title of "the restorer of the family peace." Though the Florentines were gratified at the union of the brothers, they still regarded the grand duchess with dislike and mistrust, and the most absurd tales were circulated about her. It was said that at her magnificent villa at Pratolino, where she generally resided, most horrible cruelties were practised. It was known by the name of Villa Tribolina, and after her death a room was shown called the Stillatoio of Bianca, where it was gravely asserted that from the fat distilling from infants suspended over boiling water, cosmetics were prepared for the preservation of her beauty.

The cardinal, though gratified at the kind offices of the grand duchess, and pleased at her efforts for the advancement of the family, still seems to have distrusted her, and after the death of Don Filippo, in 1582, seems to have considered himself justified in adopting measures calculated to defeat any plot she might concoct, and entreated his brother Don Pietro to come from Spain and marry. His jealousy increased in 1583, when Francesco declared Don Antonio his legitimate son. German guards were assigned to him, and from many of the Florentines, who regarded him as the next in succession, he received honors due to the second person in the state. Bianca by her clever management disarmed his displeasure, and by conferring benefits on his family awakened his gratitude, while the skill she displayed in bringing about the marriages of two princesses of the house of Medici, with Don Cæsar

d'Este of Ferrara, and the son of the Duke of Mantua, pleased him greatly. The friendship of the brothers did not last long, the harmony of the Medici family, always precarious, was again interrupted by the cardinal's distrust of Bianca, which gave great offence to Francesco, and it was long before the grand duchess, with all her tact and cleverness, could restore peace between them. The duke promised to forget the past, and receive the overtures of his brother, on the condition that the cardinal should pay a visit to them at Florence.

Accordingly in the October of 1587, Ferdinando made a voyage to Florence, and was received by the duke and duchess with every sign of friendship and affection. Bianca repaired, with her husband and brother-in-law, to Poggio-a-Cajano, a hunting-box of the duke's, where the duchess occupied herself solely in preparing amusements for the cardinal, and where every minute was given up to luxurious pleasures.

But the serenity of the visit received a sudden interruption. On the 13th of October Ferdinando dined with his brother and sister-in-law, and towards the end of the repast Francesco was seized with horrible pains, and what appeared to be an intermittent fever, which increased hourly, while his strength sank. Feeling that his end was nigh, he named the cardinal his successor, recommended to him his wife and reputed son, Don Antonio, delivered to him the plans of his fortresses, and succumbed ere long to the violence, it was supposed, of poison, at forty years of age; while Bianca, who had sickened almost at the same time of the same disorder, expired nineteen hours after the death of her husband, in her forty-fifth year.

Who was the author of this frightful catastrophe is a historical problem which has not yet been resolved, but suspicion not unnaturally rested on Ferdinando, as he was the person most interested, and most likely to benefit by their deaths. The body of the duke was taken to Florence, and deposited

in the family vault, after a private ceremony. Two days later the remains of the duchess were brought to the city, and were met by the clergy of St. Lorenzo, bearing tapers in their hands, and by the guard of German lance-bearers, and the household of the late duke, at the gate, while all the streets through which the procession passed were brilliantly lighted up. The body was opened, by order of the cardinal, in the presence of Don Antonio, the daughter and son-in-law of Bianca, and death was declared to have been the result of dropsy.

After the examination, it was removed to the church of St. Lorenzo. But Ferdinando, when questioned respecting its exhibition in public, adorned with the ducal coronet, said, "No, she has worn the crown long enough." And he refused to allow it to be interred in the family vault of the Medici; so the remains were deposited under the church of St. Lorenzo, while he ordered her escutcheon to be removed from public buildings, and that of Donna Joanna of Austria to replace it.

The premature death of the duke and duchess gave rise to various reports, and some writers assert that Bianca meant to poison the cardinal by a tart, which she offered him at dinner, and which he refused, suspecting her design, upon which the grand duke reproaching his brother for his distrust, unwarily tasted it, and Bianca, unable to prevent the fate of her consort, determined to share it, swallowing the remainder of the confection. Others say the cardinal alone was the author of the catastrophe, would not allow any assistance to be given to his victims, insulting them while in their expiring agonies.

One writer says:—

"On a survey of the life of Bianca Capello, whatever may be thought of the qualities of her heart, which it must be confessed are doubtful, it is impossible not to be struck with the powers of her mind, by which, amidst innumerable obstacles, she maintained undiminished, through life, that ascen-



dancy which her personal charms had first given her over the affections of a capricious prince. She was fitted to take part in political intrigues, to succeed in courts, and rise to the pinnacle of power, but, stained with cruelty, and debased by falsehood, if her talents excite admiration, they produce no esteem, and while her accomplishments dazzle the mind, they fail to interest the heart."

She was of majestic stature, eloquent, clever, insinuating, but her beauty was impaired at an early age from ill-health, and of the many portraits that remain of her there is not one which represents her in the bloom of her youthful beauty. They were all taken after she became grand duchess, when her charms had somewhat faded.

There are several in the Pallazzo Pitti at Florence, one, said to be the best, in the Pallazzo Capara at Bologna, and a beautiful portrait of her in the ducal robes used to be preserved in the palace of the Capelli at Padua.

---

From The Spectator.

#### SUNDOWN IN SHOTLEY WOOD.

SHOTLEY WOOD is marked on the county map. Sometimes, though rarely, when there was enough spare money in the county to keep a three-days-a-week pack, it figured among the less popular meets of the season. Now it is forgotten by the world, even the world of county sport. Yet it has stood—or rather it has been felled and risen again—since the days of King John. From the time of Magna Charta till the Christmas of 1893, no plough or harrow has cut the virgin soil within its fences; and every decent piece of building in the parish, from the church roof—set on in the year of grace 1507—to our new barn floor, has been fitted with the timber grown on its seventy acres of deep yellow clay. "Us be all despret poor now," as the exciseman (the only rich man in the parish) truly says; and those who had sense to read the signs of the times have made treaty with

necessity, and stepped back, with a rough and rugged insistence on the change, to the plain living of Saxon times. Are our tables worse furnished, or is our roof-tree colder? I think not. We kill our own swine, brew our own ale, and press our cider; bake our dark but palatable bread, and pay our men and our dwindling "tradesmen's bills" from the narrow yield of our own fields. The owner of the "big wood" finds it a little silver-mine. Frugality begins at home—a coy but lasting friend—and when once won is never lost by the countryman who lives on his own acres. The coal-grates have been pulled out in hall and dining-room, and the old bars rescued from rust in the out-house are piled with the surplus branches of the oaks; and on Christmas day the green ashen faggot will blaze and sputter with a lively warmth that mocks the dull caloric of the coal, as young laughter leaps above the book-bound wit of ages. The wood supplies our table with its daintiest fare. Never was there such a year for wild-bred pheasants; and the stub-rabbits are no longer despised. Just now the wood-pigeons come in to roost in large flocks, and pay a daily tribute to the gun. The poor still look for rabbits at Christmas, and on our way to the wood before dusk, to lie in wait for the pigeons, we overhear the rabbitier and the bailiff in consultation; the former deep in the yawning ditch, under the stubbs, the other with his ear to the bolt-hole in the field above. The rabbitier is calm and professional, as becomes one finishing a long day's work. The bailiff—a schoolboy friend of the poorer man, long since risen in the social scale, a stern and unbending Nonconformist, but with a suppressed but uncontrollable love of sport—is as excited as a boy. They have dropped the ceremonious "mister" of East Anglian address, and for the moment have forgotten that the world contains anything but themselves, the hapless rabbit in the bury, and the ferret at the end of the line. "Eddard," says the bailiff; "Eddard, I can hear it a-scrab-



bin'!" "Can you?" replies the rabbit. "Do you cop me your 'dabber.'" The "dabber," an implement with a spade at one end and a spike at the other, is "copped," and dexterously caught. "Do you fudge him a bit," urges the rabbit; and the bailiff "fudges" vigorously. Then the ferret is withdrawn. "Lor' bless me, if I hain't been a-fudging the ferret!" he exclaims; and the ill-used and gasping ferret is exhibited. "Oh, ah!" says the rabbit, "we'd best go back, I reckon." And the pair wind up nets and bags, and splash home through the mud. They are almost the last to leave the open fields, and as we enter the high wood the sounds of daily human labor die with the waning light—when the plough-teams, with looped-up splinter-bars banging against the trace-chains, plod homewards to the stables. The grey light wanes and the wind rises, angry and sighing in the tree-tops. A wide avenue of Scotch firs runs down the length of the wood. The ride is still strewn thick with acorns, for this has been the most prolific year ever known for the seeds of trees; the husks are already splitting here and there, and the red shoots are sprouting from the pointed end; but many are mere crackling shells nibbled by squirrels and mice. The wood-pigeons have been feasting for weeks, pheasants have helped them, sacksfull have been carried home by the woodman to grind and mix with bran for the sheep, and pigs have forced their way through the fences to munch their fill, yet the quantity on the ground seems now as great as ever. In the ride we meet a hedgehog, almost the last creature to be expected on such a chilly day. Generally piggy spends the winter coiled up in a bed of leaves in a rabbit-burrow, under a root, or in the centre of a thick bush, and sleeps till spring comes. Perhaps this hedgehog has been idle in the summer, and not laid up a store of fat to last him through the winter; so he was awake, and obliged to forage. He was hunting eagerly, taking half the width of the ride, and quartering it to and fro,—not very

accurately, for he did not keep straight lines, like a setter, but still rarely going twice over the same ground. We approached slowly, for if a hedgehog is not disturbed by a heavy footfall or a sudden movement, it simply disregards men. To and fro he went, poking his long snout into every hoof-mark, and routing among the oak leaves. He seemed to find little, and to be very hungry. Once or twice he put up his head and sniffed, and stared at the figure above him; but as it did not move, he went on searching for a supper. As he passed, we touched him *à tergo* with the gun-barrel. He whisked round with prickles up, looking angry and quite at a loss to understand what had happened. He then examined the boots, and tried to climb the leg above, but could not get a foothold for his hind feet. Down again to the boots. The blacking smelt nice, so he gnawed at them steadily, with far more force than might be expected from so small a hedgehog—for he was not larger than a cocoon. Having tasted one boot, he then tried the other, and did not take alarm till he was suddenly picked up. Then for a minute he closed his eyes, and rolled into a ball. A curious change of expression takes place when the hedgehog draws his heavy eyebrows down. At other times his face is impudent and rather savage. Then he looks meek and gentle, a nice little fellow, who eats bread and milk, and is regarded as a pet for children. Unrolled, he is his true self,—a creature that kills adders, drives the partridge from her nest, and eats the eggs; a sturdy, omnivorous little animal, afraid of few things, except a badger. He had not been held a minute before he began to uncurl, wriggled over on his back, gave the nearest finger a bite which reached through a buckskin glove, dropped on to the ride, and scuffled away among the brambles. By this time it was almost dusk, and the pigeons were arriving in small flocks, and settling into the fir-tops in different parts of the wood. Each flock circled high overhead twice or thrice before alighting. The fieldfares fol-

lowed, squeaking and chattering from tree to tree, and the cock-pheasants went up to roost one by one, telling the whole wood about it. Small woodland birds feed till dark in these short winter days, and a whole flock of tits and bullfinches were climbing and flitting among the ash-poles, eager to use the last minutes of twilight. A pair of sparrow-hawks were anxious to make their supper on the tits, and their silent, gliding forms crossed and re-crossed among the stems from minute to minute, winding among the closely growing ash-poles with astonishing powers of steering in full flight. So quick were their movements, and so close to the stems, that though the bold birds took no alarm at the motionless human figure, it was almost impossible to fire a shot at these worst poachers of the wood, with any certainty of killing. They had carried off more than one of the tits when a third hawk swept over the wood, seized a small bird in its claws, and sailed off up the ride. A shot and a red shower of sparks was followed by the fall of the hawk, and the clatter of a hundred pairs of wings as the pigeons left the trees. The hawk was dead, with the finch still in its claws, apparently unhurt. In a few minutes the wood is quiet again, and the pigeons return, and during the last few minutes before dark, pay heavy

toll to the gun, as they fly low and sleepy and bewildered over the pine-tops. There is hardly a better bird for the table, outside the list of true game birds, than these plump Christmas wood-pigeons after months of plenty and open weather. Even when the lingering twilight has almost gone, and the bright planets shine with eager eyes through the lacing oak boughs, while "echo bids good-night from every glade," the wood is not yet silent. The grey crows have come from the North to tell us that it is Christmas. They have crossed the North Sea; and skirted the shore southward from estuary to estuary, past the mouths of the Fen rivers and the marshes of the Broads, and arrived, as they always do, in the last week of the old year, to croak their warning tale into the winter night.

I sent forth memory in heedful guise,

To search the record of preceding years ;  
Back, like the raven to the ark she flies,

And croaks disaster to my trembling  
ears,

the poet writes. The cry of the grey crows, like the voice of the raven, has an evil sound. But they have croaked in the wood at each year's ending, and if the next be no worse than those which have gone, we shall not cease to enjoy the sounds of the winter wood at sundown.

**MOTHER-OF-PEARL.**—The most beautiful mother-of-pearl, unless that of the obalone be excepted, is obtained from the nautilus, which is a cephalon and related to the cuttlefish. Occupying only the mouth of its dwelling, the latter is composed of a series of empty chambers, each of which the animal has successively lived in and vacated as it grew bigger, building up behind it at each move a wall of purest pearl. These vacant rooms of pearl are all connected by a pneumatic tube, which enables the creature to so control the air supply in its house as to make the domicile lighter or heavier at will, in order to ascend or descend in the water. The shell is too thin to bear grinding, and so muriatic acid is used to remove the outer coat and disclose the exquisite nacre beneath. A

method of treating such shells consists in drawing upon them with a brush and wax varnish any designs desired, after which they are placed in a bath of weak acid. The latter eats away the outer coat wherever it is not protected by the varnish, the result being a lovely cameo with raised figures in white on a pearly ground. Nature, however, beats art hollow at this sort of work. In the Cretaceous epoch, hundreds of thousands of years ago, there lived certain cephalopods, since extinct, which science calls "ammonites." The pearl they produced was of wonderful beauty, and many fossil ammonites dug up to-day have been so operated upon by the process of decay as to form elaborate patterns on the shells in pearl and white.

English Mechanic.





# CHILDHOOD

covers the tender period of growth when the body must have materials for healthy flesh and bone development. Otherwise the child will be thin, narrow-chested and weak.

## Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, is a palatable, easy food for growing children. It gives them healthy flesh, solid bones and glowing health *Physicians, the world over, endorse it.*

---

### WASTING DISEASES

of Children; Rickets, Skin Eruptions and Blood Troubles are speedily cured by Scott's Emulsion.

Don't be Deceived by Substitutes.

Prepared by SCOTT & BOWNE Chemists. New-York City. Druggists sell it.

**"A LITTLE  
Higher in Price,**



BUT — ”

**CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN  
PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
NASHVILLE, TENN.**

## Publishers of

## Denominational Books and Papers of the Church.

Dealers in all

## Religious Books.

**Publishers for others  
of Books and Papers.**

## Job Printers.

"For the enlightened owners of gardens and woodlands this journal is invaluable."—*N. Y. Tribune.*



A beautifully illustrated journal of culture, Landscape Art and filled every week with fresh, interesting, practical and accurate information for all who love nature or take an interest in flowers, shrubs and trees. Its writers are the foremost American and European authorities, and the editorial and leading articles constitute the best literature of the time on all subjects within the scope of the paper.

**"The foremost journal of its class," *Boston Herald.***  
**"A delightful weekly companion." *Harpers Weekly***  
**PUBLISHED WEEKLY. \$4.00 A YEAR.**

**Specimen copy free on application.**

Garden & Forest Publishing Co. Tribune Build'g  
New York.

AMERICAN JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

VOLUME XXVII.

Major J. B. MERWIN, Editor.

**BRIGHT! ENTERTAINING! INSTRUCTIVE!**

**A Journal for the People.**

**Special Champion for Increased Salaries  
for all teachers.**

Many of the articles which appear in a single issue of the JOURNAL are worth more to our teachers than the price charged for a year's subscription. No teacher or school officer can afford to do without this JOURNAL, and the teacher who tries to dispense with it will soon find she is behind the times.

## THE PRESTON PAPERS.

**THIS BOOK AND THE JOURNAL FOR ONE YEAR, SENT FREE OF POSTAGE FOR \$1.00.**

A book of new methods, but not of fine span theorizing. Such subjects as Government, Responsibility, Punishment, Examinations, Prize-Giving, Reports, Museums, etc., are exhaustively treated—not in the stilted way usual with books of this kind, but woven into a story of a teacher's experience.

**HANDSOMELY BOUND IN CLOTH, PRICE, \$1.00.**

Send ONE DOLLAR and get a live Educational Journal (for one year) and a book that never fails to delight and profit its readers.

**Address all orders to the Proprietors.**

**PERRIN & SMITH.**

St. Louis, Mo.

206-212 Vine Street,

 Sample copies furnished free.

**EMERSON PIANOS** { 116 Boylston Street, Boston.  
92 Fifth Avenue, New York.  
218 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

ESTABLISHED IN 1849. 60,000 MADE AND IN USE. EVERY INSTRUMENT FULLY WARRANTED.

ESTABLISHED IN 1849. 60,000 MADE AND IN USE. EVERY INSTRUMENT FULLY WARRANTED.